

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

# The WAR CRY

CANADA EAST

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# Christmas in the Heart

To Bethlehem our hearts, star-led  
From wanderings far and wild,  
Turn to a lowly cattle-shed  
And kneel before the Child.

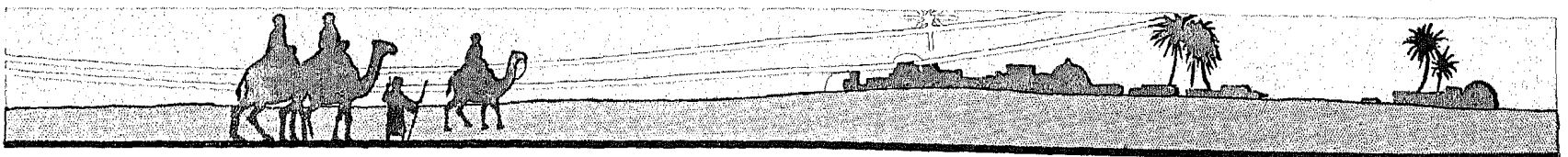
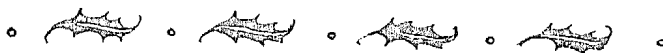
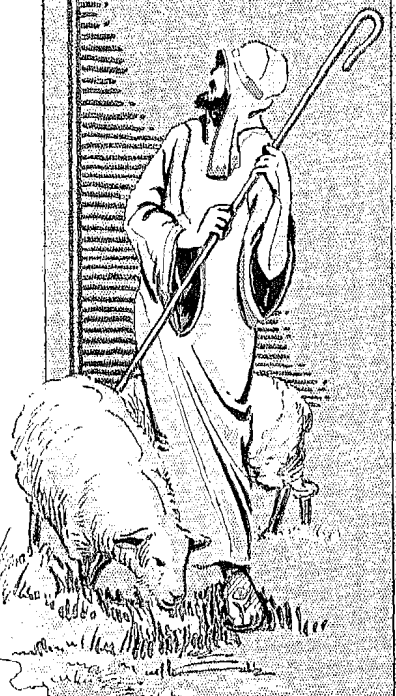
We come from deserts, pitiless  
With lonely human pride;  
And from the howling wilderness  
Where dread and hate abide.

Touched by His hand we find release  
From heavy griefs and fears:  
Our hearts are lifted up with peace  
And purified by tears.

Ah, Saviour dear! Thou Holy Child,  
What power is Thine to heal  
Our broken hearts, our wills defiled,  
When at Thy feet we kneel!

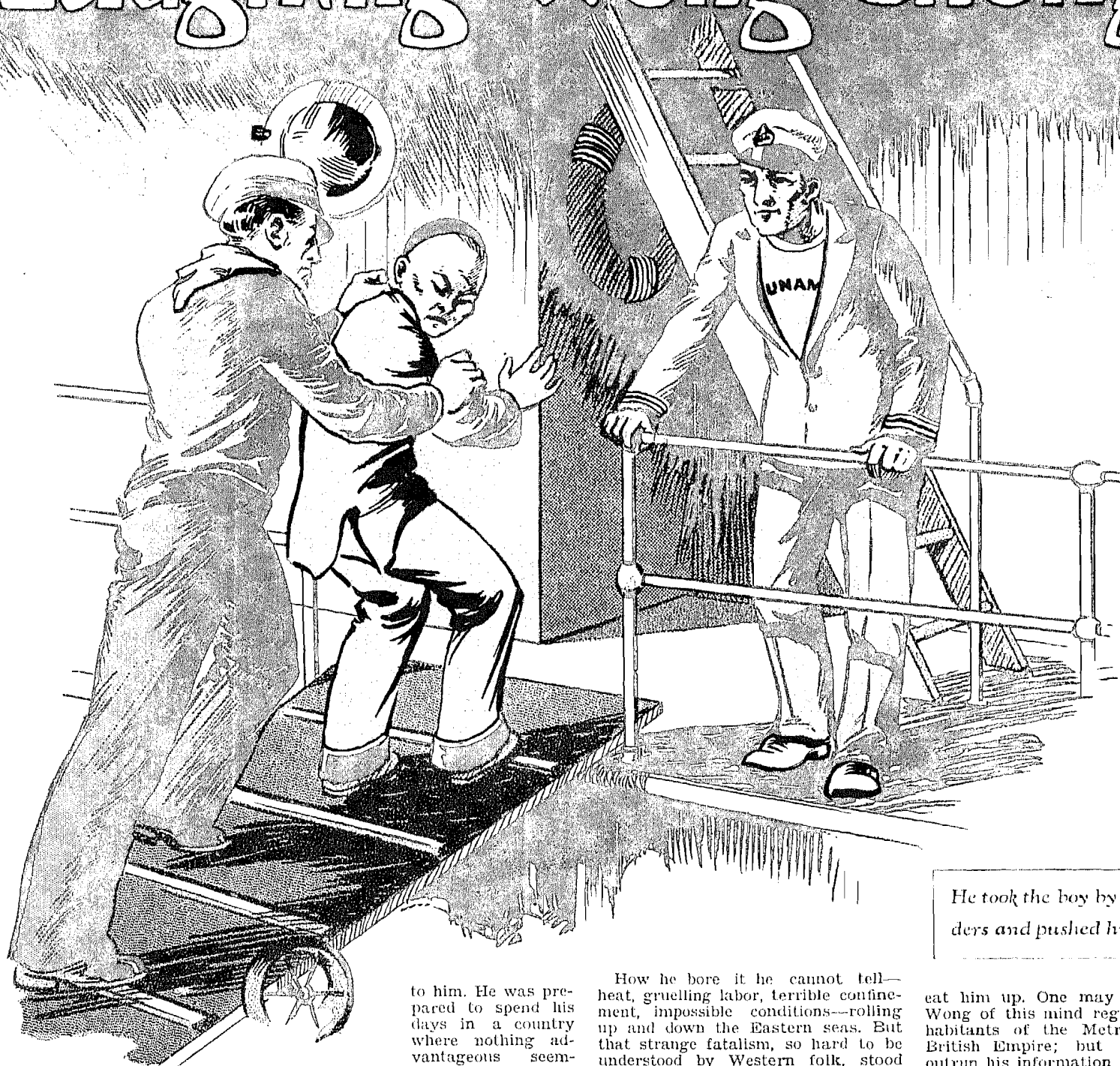
Grant us Thy grace no more to roam,  
But following Thee away,  
Find Bethlehem in every home,  
The whole year Christmas Day.

—Henry Van Dyke





# Laughing Wong Chong



He took the boy by the shoulders and pushed him aboard

**I**NSCRUTABLE Wong Chong was the product of a sombre land and melancholy. Like his people he seemed to take his pleasures—if ever he had any, that is—sadly. Expecting nothing different, just void of anticipation, it is a marvel that he should have been found making up his mind to leave the shores of China. Why did he set out upon the ocean wide? Simply because the way was opened for him, and he had no reason to offer as to why he should not accept.

Fourteen years of life, years of disillusion, moreover, had served to rob Wong of all his romantic ideas. Does a Chinese boy entertain such a thing as romance? You may be sure he does, for, what with the professional story-tellers, who recite the deeds of ancient national heroes, and the family facts and fictions retold from generation to generation with a view to maintaining the home traditions, the boy is "raised" on little else by way of mental equipment. It was all the more sad that Wong should have been defrauded thus, for he had it in him to make much of any possibility in the direction of humor; yet the passing years served only to confirm his gloomy outlook on life.

One day he found himself on the waterfront in a Chinese port; a steamship was about to sail. Wong was curious; but not overmuch. Lands across the sea did not beckon

to him. He was prepared to spend his days in a country where nothing advantageous seemed likely to come his way. Just then a sailorman hurried ashore; he paused before Wong, eyeing him up and down.

"Like to come for a trip?" he asked. Wong never batted an eyelid. To all intents and appearances he might have been deaf and dumb.

"Looking for work?" came the next query. Inscrutable Wong was no more voluble.

"Ever been to sea?" Wong's interest appeared to be simply nil.

That sailorman had one more line to try—his the nil desperandum spirit, evidently. He took the boy by the shoulders and just pushed him aboard. Wong did not come to a halt until he reached the stokehole, when a rumbling vibration, beating upon his eardrums and an uneasy movement of the floor plates told of the fact that the ship was putting out to sea. It was hot, very hot, down in the cramped, dirty place to which he had been taken. Wong did not like it a bit. He was no more pleased when the man in charge of the boilers thrust a shovel into his hands and ordered him to charge the firebox with coal. There are different methods of fuelling a steamship, and that in use on the boat into which Wong had been rushed was of the simplest order, necessitating the maximum of human effort. Wong found it hard work; but he worked hard and he spoke little. He smiled not at all, for this form of life was even less of a joke than any he had tried previously.

How he bore it he cannot tell—heat, gruelling labor, terrible confinement, impossible conditions—rolling up and down the Eastern seas. But that strange fatalism, so hard to be understood by Western folk, stood him in good stead, until, one day, he found himself aboard a ship faring farther afield and he thrilled for the first time when he heard that they were bound for England. A land of devils, of course, he argued within himself. It could not be otherwise since it was the land from which so many foreign devils hailed. But it would certainly mean something new, though he must be careful lest one should catch him unawares.

From the moment when the word was passed round that land was in sight Wong felt a growing desire to explore this new land, and when, eventually, the vessel was tied up at the East India Docks, London, he mopped his brow with a piece of oily waste, asked for a day off and went ashore, bent on taking a long walk.

Just what he felt regarding the Limehouse into which he quickly strayed; how he viewed the Chinese people whom he found to be so plentiful in this country of houses so strangely built—row upon row; of his cogitations upon the obvious promiscuous mixing of certain of the local people with folk of his own country, he has not told us.

One thing stands out above everything, as he reviews that day of exploration. Night had fallen ere he had glutted his appetite for new scenes and sounds, and he was feeling a little perturbed lest, now that he could not see to defend himself, a foreign devil, more malicious than the others, might spring upon him and

eat him up. One may smile to find Wong of this mind regarding the inhabitants of the Metropolis of the British Empire; but he could not outrun his information upon the matter, and he thought that a foreign devil could be no other, at home or abroad. So Wong was anxious as he shuffled along in the darkness of a strange street leading he knew not whither.

Your Oriental in a Western City, no matter what he feels, never betrays the uneasiness he experiences because of unfamiliarity. He just wanders on and on. Usually his sense of locality (Continued on page 22)



# Midnight Streets, A Fair Town

Spending Midnight Hours on the Streets of a Small Town is like walking in a Graveyard, but in the City—?

**MIDNIGHT STREETS!** What is there, in the very sound of the expression, which disturbs one as with foreboding? Is it that one immediately, if sub-consciously, harks back to the sheltered, disciplined days of youth when one had to be indoors betimes? Or is it that something of the reminiscence of the first Christmas party which one attended, with the new thrilling experience of passing homewards through the eerie, deserted streets, comes back to one?

As one waits for memory's confirmation there arises from the mists of the years gone by the impression of that first New Year's Eve we spent on the streets—it was in a little provincial town—as the bells rang the old year out and the new year in. There were rollicking parties singing the familiar songs; everybody seemed to have company. Stay! who were the solitary women, hardly discernible, waiting in the shadows here and there? For whom were they loitering there? And why?

Spending the midnight hours on the streets of a small town is like walking in a graveyard. But if the city be chosen a different experience is encountered.

Judge the streets in Theatreland, where the lights are flashing in a myriad forms and colors and dazzles. Anything which will heighten the hectic excitement is employed, and it appears as if the sidewalk contains some electric element which keeps those who crowd the pavement on the move, jigging, dancing, prancing, high-stepping in an unnatural animation which wears the nerves to rags. Here they come, there they go, jostling each other; laughing, looking, saying anything, everything; but hiding the pain, the sick pain, of disappointment which haunts them even in the climacteric moment of their abandonment.

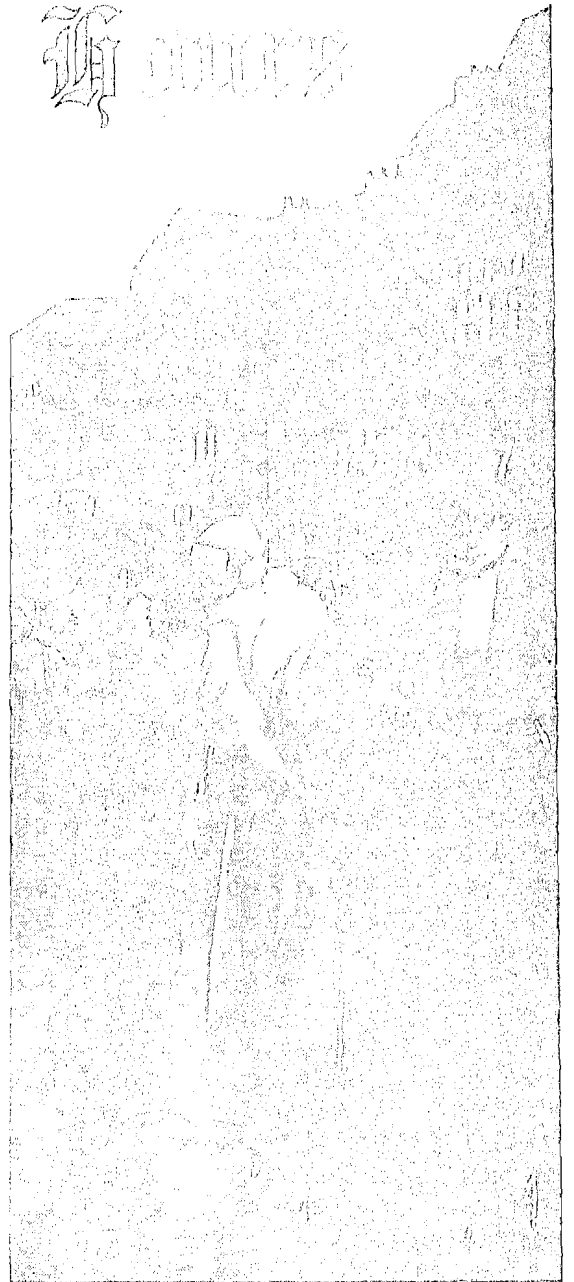
Many are butterflies merely, who would renounce all claim to the possession of a soul. Many seek only to find the secret of a "good time." Many are curious, and no more, watching this false night life, trying to discover its meaning. But many are awake to the possibilities of the hour, and the cruel affairs of the mart of souls go forward before their eyes. The wares are offered, the price is named, the horrible business swirls and seethes, while virtuous citizens sleep all unknowing.

Suddenly the senses begin to absorb a rhythm which is almost soundless; it is more felt than heard, for the vibration coming through the atmosphere is too low in its intensity for the aural faculty. But as it persists, it grows, and presently we are convinced that we hear the thudding of a drum. In the midst of that riot of emotion which makes up the night life about us, not one per cent. of the people have become conscious of the oncoming drumming. Ever so gradually the note of percussion draws nearer, grows louder, and now and again the blare of a brazen chord sweeps across a momentary interval, which is less noisy than the others.

"How strange!" shrills an excited voice, as two beautiful girls sweep hurriedly past, hastening towards the sound. "A band! What sport; it may be a students' rag!"

Now the music is quite plainly heard, and the drum-beat is swept up in the harmony. What is the tune? Almost one catches it, then the thread is lost. Now a longer phrase is heard unbroken. Can it be—?

"Let's hurry!" The same two girls come speeding past, hurrying now from the sound of the music. "My God!" (it is the same excited voice); "I'd give ten dollars to be out of this! Taxi!" And she springs forward to arrest the vehicle, but it is engaged. Agony is written on her youthful features; it is not petulance; the lines which pucker her fore-

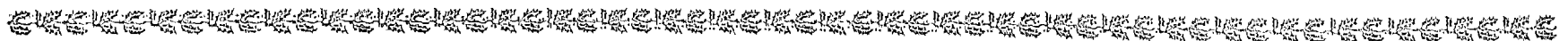


*She gives a kindly invitation*

head, and draw about her eyes and mouth are full of pain. She runs away up a side street, the other girl following less hurriedly.

Over all swells the music of the untimely Band—it is the familiar tune of "Innocents," by which, wherever one hears it, memories are evoked of childhood's days, of mother's knee, of the first prayer many of us lisped: "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon a little child!"

(Continued on page 22)



**T**HE human family had gone far away from the plan which the All-Father had made, and repeated efforts to lead them back to righteousness had been grievously nullified by persistent waywardness on the part of leaders, and people alike. And it was in the hour of deepest dejection, when the few who looked with really observant eyes must have feared that only the worst could now happen, that the dawn of hope came—suddenly, drowsily, yet so simply; in the form of a little Child!

How well known is the story; how appealing its unassuming beauty; how passing sad is the prideful rejection accorded to it even in this day! The people learn but slowly, and the more they know of other things the less they want to trust to God's plan, seeking instead to save themselves by their own arts and graces. And the result is that the nations sink farther and farther into the mire and confusion.

Yet hope has come, is here, within reach all the time, for Christ has

## A Brother Born for Adversity

come and, to as many as receive Him, He gives liberty and light, Salvation grace and power over evil. He transforms sinful nature; He imparts His own beautiful character. But while the evidences are before their very eyes men ask for another hope, something more intricate, less simple; some plan in which they can be called to do something themselves, that they may not be dependent upon the aid of another, even though He be the Son of God.

Fallen, helpless, sinful, enslaved, could there be worse adversity short of utter loss and eternal ruin? Christ is come to be that very brother who, witnessing the cruel necessity brought about by man's depravity, alone can cope with the adversity and lift us up, can give strength for weakness, can cleanse from sin and set us free.

Could He give more gracious earnest of the Father's love; could there

be greater evidence of His ability to prove Himself the true Elder Brother than that He should come to save His people from their sins?

Midnight! Songs in deepest dark! The Angel choir! A sudden light! And the Saviour!

Oh, look for the parallel in your own case; seek it in those about you; spread the fame of the Christ-Child, born in meagre surroundings, when and where least looked for; and tell all who will listen; repeat it, until they have to give heed, that He can match their most grievous adversity, that He can give light in grossest darkness, that He can inspire songs at midnight, that He was born to do all this and much more for those who, confessing their own inability to do aught else but make their own condition worse, will put their trust in Him.

A double blessing is found in this condition of mind and heart—such a

confession of sin is a confession of need, a statement of dependence upon and faith in the Saviour from sin—and this admission of helplessness cries aloud to the Great Brother whom the Father has given unto us for just such an emergency. As He Himself has said: "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick."

Jesus has heard the penitent plea arising from millions of stricken hearts: what music in His ears! And He has amply replied to one and all—what music they have made thereafter! The same thing is going on at this moment, while you read, in this, and other lands. If it has not been done for you it is because you have not asked. If your friends have not His liberty, His power, His love, it is because they have not sought. Tell them so, and urge them to confess their sin, to state their dependence upon His Salvation, then they also shall find this Brother, born on that first Christmas morn, to cope with the adversity of every living soul.—J.F.H.

# CANADA IN WINTER



WINTER'S MANTLE



STRENUOUS  
SPEED SKATING



ALL'S RIGHT  
WITH THE WORLD



IT'S FORTY IN THE RUNNING  
THE SHADE STREAMS DECLARE  
TODAY



WITH SNOWSHOES  
AND CAMERA



HARD GOING  
NEAR THE SUMMIT



AN EXTEMPORISED  
TOBOGGAN

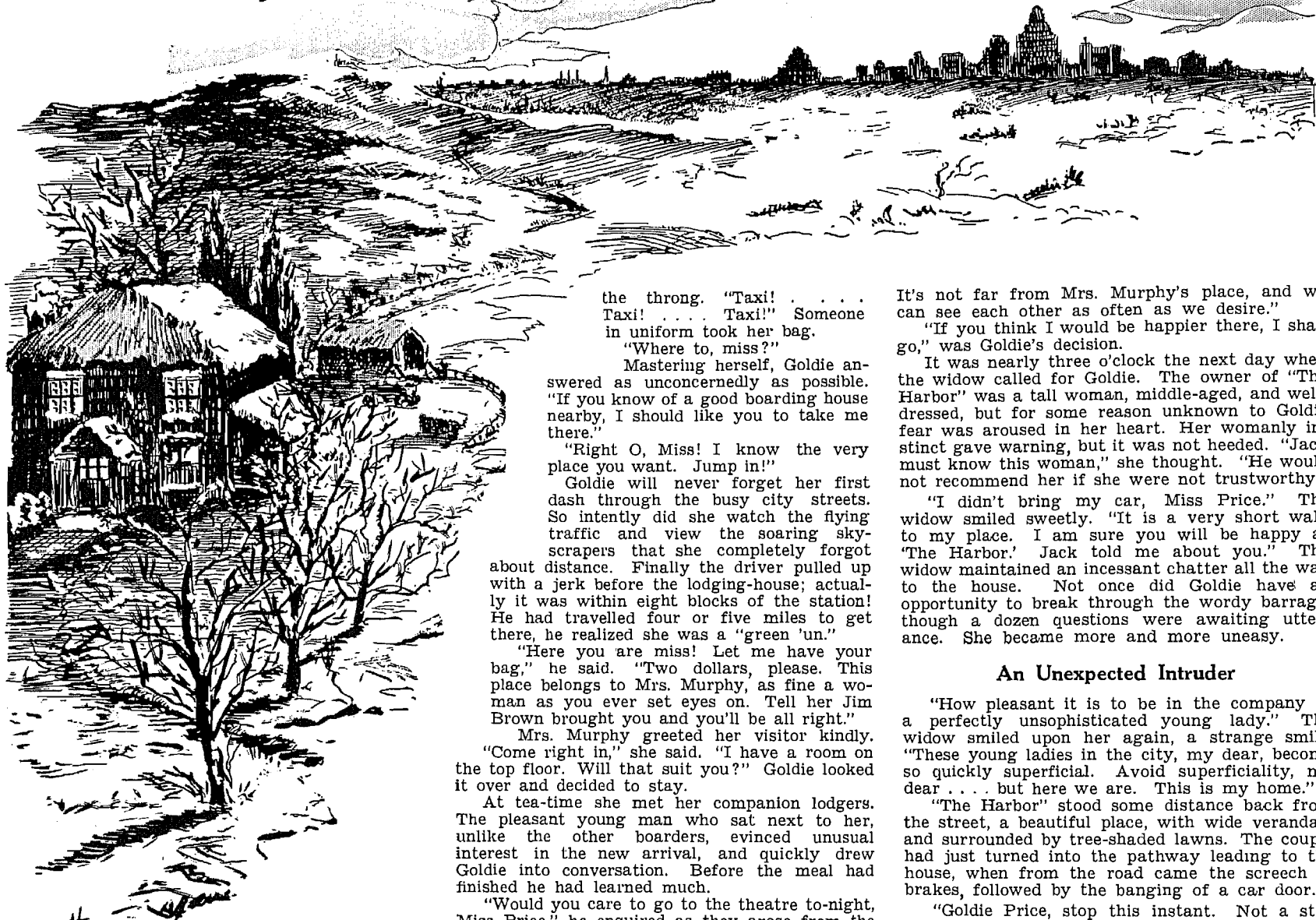


WHERE  
TRAILS DIVERGE



# WHEN GOLDIE'S DREAM CITY CRASHED

*Another instance of the long and loving arm of the Army in action*



THE DAUGHTER of Caleb and Annie Price, pride of the farm, which lay two concessions back of Sprucetown, in the shadow of the Blue Hills, caused the villagers to make frequent complimentary references to her wayward tendencies.

"Remember when she broke in Ned Holt's colt, five years past?" they would say. "She showed her wildish inclinations then . . . It's tolerably certain people what don't listen to their elders ain't goin' to get anywhere much good." And so on.

Goldie would laugh long and deliciously at their doleful diatribes; to her it was one huge joke! Just how the older girls could meekly tolerate the ludicrous and antiquated notions of the village elders was utterly beyond her comprehension. Well, they could do as their mothers did before them if they pleased, but she would tear herself away from the traditions of the place. She would go to the city, it should be the guardian of her vital rights, acting *in loco parentis*, as it were, insuring for her the right to choose, to act, to develop her own individuality, to become gloriously independent. Thus she would muse over her Golden Dream City.

Everybody seemed to know, but nobody believed that Goldie would actually carry out her threat, and then, when the thing happened, several days before Christmas, a score of heads in Sprucetown wagged over the sensation, and two-score tongues declared, "I told you so."

Goldie was momentarily unnerved when she followed the crowd of passengers from the South-bound express into the concourse of the city railway station. "Red caps" were rushing hither and thither and the crowds milled back and forth. There were more people within sight than she had ever seen in Sprucetown.

Far to the right she spied the exit, and, picking up her club-bag, made her way through

the throng. "Taxi! . . . Taxi! . . . Taxi!" Someone in uniform took her bag.

"Where to, miss?"

Mastering herself, Goldie answered as unconcernedly as possible. "If you know of a good boarding house nearby, I should like you to take me there."

"Right O, Miss! I know the very place you want. Jump in!"

Goldie will never forget her first dash through the busy city streets. So intently did she watch the flying traffic and view the soaring skyscrapers that she completely forgot about distance. Finally the driver pulled up with a jerk before the lodging-house; actually it was within eight blocks of the station! He had travelled four or five miles to get there, he realized she was a "green 'un."

"Here you are miss! Let me have your bag," he said. "Two dollars, please. This place belongs to Mrs. Murphy, as fine a woman as you ever set eyes on. Tell her Jim Brown brought you and you'll be all right."

Mrs. Murphy greeted her visitor kindly. "Come right in," she said. "I have a room on the top floor. Will that suit you?" Goldie looked it over and decided to stay.

At tea-time she met her companion lodgers. The pleasant young man who sat next to her, unlike the other boarders, evinced unusual interest in the new arrival, and quickly drew Goldie into conversation. Before the meal had finished he had learned much.

"Would you care to go to the theatre to-night, Miss Price," he enquired as they arose from the table. Goldie's heart thrilled. This was the Dream City in actuality. How envious the girls at home would be if they could see her!

"I would, very much, Mr.—"

"Oh, call me Jack." He smiled, and Goldie's inexperienced heart promptly capitulated. It was twelve o'clock when she returned to her room, supremely happy. The first taste of city life had surpassed even her wildest dreams.

Fortune appeared to smile upon Goldie, for early next day she secured work in connection with a department store Christmas sale. True, it was only for the day, but the extra dollar or two would be of considerable help in staving off financial embarrassment, and with her name already on the store-list, there would be the possibility of getting more work later.

That evening Jack turned their talk upon the rather common-place boarding-house.

## A Subtle Suggestion

"I must confess Mrs. Murphy does not appeal to me," he said, when the topic was well-launched. "I do not think her's to be the most congenial home for a girl of your refinement. Of course we men can 'rough it' more or less, but I really think you should be in a more agreeable and cultured atmosphere." His suave manner delighted Goldie.

"I thought Mrs. Murphy was rather a pleasant lady," she answered, "and her house is very clean."

"Just as you say, but I consider that her rates are exorbitant, especially for a young woman trying to make her way in the city. If ever you should decide to move, I know a splendid place. The owner takes only refined young ladies. She does it out of a desire to assist strangers in the city. At 'The Harbor,' as she calls it, the charges are ridiculously low." They walked on in silence for a few moments.

"I could speak to her about it," Jack added, "if you would like."

"But you, Jack?" There was a questioning appeal in Goldie's eyes.

"Did you think I had forgotten that? Oh, no.

It's not far from Mrs. Murphy's place, and we can see each other as often as we desire."

"If you think I would be happier there, I shall go," was Goldie's decision.

It was nearly three o'clock the next day when the widow called for Goldie. The owner of "The Harbor" was a tall woman, middle-aged, and well-dressed, but for some reason unknown to Goldie fear was aroused in her heart. Her womanly instinct gave warning, but it was not heeded. "Jack must know this woman," she thought. "He would not recommend her if she were not trustworthy."

"I didn't bring my car, Miss Price." The widow smiled sweetly. "It is a very short walk to my place. I am sure you will be happy at 'The Harbor.' Jack told me about you." The widow maintained an incessant chatter all the way to the house. Not once did Goldie have an opportunity to break through the wordy barrage, though a dozen questions were awaiting utterance. She became more and more uneasy.

## An Unexpected Intruder

"How pleasant it is to be in the company of a perfectly unsophisticated young lady." The widow smiled upon her again, a strange smile. "These young ladies in the city, my dear, become so quickly superficial. Avoid superficiality, my dear . . . but here we are. This is my home."

"The Harbor" stood some distance back from the street, a beautiful place, with wide verandah, and surrounded by tree-shaded lawns. The couple had just turned into the pathway leading to the house, when from the road came the screech of brakes, followed by the banging of a car door.

"Goldie Price, stop this instant. Not a step further!"

Goldie and her escort swung about in amazement. They saw running toward them a woman in Salvation Army uniform; her bonnet strings were flying in the wind. The widow muttered something under her breath, and caught Goldie by the arm. "Run—quick!" she cried. "Come with me, it will be better for you." But by this time the Salvationist had reached the couple. "Take your hand off that girl!" she commanded.

"What right have you—?"

"You know what right I have! I am taking this girl from you. You have, I suspect ruined too many as it is."

Further remonstrance was in vain. Goldie, dazed by the sudden turn of events, was taken quickly toward the street and in a matter of moments found herself speeding through the city. Very little was said by either occupant of the car until the Salvation Army Headquarters were reached. "Come with me, Miss Price," said the Officer, leading the way into a small room.

"You left your home several days ago?" she enquired when both were seated. Goldie nodded. She rather resented, now, what she considered unheard-of interference.

"You came down from Sprucetown by train?" The Officer did not wait for an answer, but went on. "Yes, I know all about it. Your mother was advised to get in touch with us. She did so, by wire. Child, your mother is broken-hearted."

She stopped a moment to study the effect of this upon the silent listener. Goldie looked down at the floor; then, raising her head, their eyes met, and her lip quivered.

"I made several futile enquiries, and then secured lists of recent employees from the city department stores. Your name was on one of the lists. Half-an-hour ago I went to the address that was given me. The lady said you had just left, gone down the street with another woman. I got a taxi, and, as you know, caught you just as you were going into the house."

The Adjutant paused for a moment that seemed like an eternity to Goldie.

(Continued on page 19)

# The GUARDING, GUIDING SAVIOUR

He stands before us, walks amongst us,  
with the utmost confidence saying:  
*"I have overcome!"*

**"W**E WOULD SEE JESUS." It is a cry which has echoed down the ages. It has come from the hearts of those who seek Him and from those who have found Him. It is a cry often uttered by His followers. How it would help our trembling faith to catch a glimpse of Him in the flesh!

From various causes Christ's disciples are apt to be discouraged. Many things are against us, the triumph of our cause is long delayed, and if faith does fail, our enthusiasm is also chilled. Other causes prevail, but our platform continues from generation to generation, the great scheme remains unaccomplished, and very often the end we purpose seems as far off as ever.

The aspects of the work the followers of Christ are striving to accomplish are often such as to make it difficult to believe in the Divine presence and superintendence. Viewing the world at large, it is often impossible to see in its events any distinct tendency, any harmonious working, any real progress to an assignable result.

It has been said, "Life never seems to satisfy the artistic sense." It appears at best rough-hewn, shapeless, incomplete, disappointing—it is apparently full of confusion, incoherence, and ends without being finished. And just as the personal life never satisfies the artistic sense, history never satisfies the dramatic sense, or if it occasionally does so, it seems to be by accident.

This aspect of nature and life causes many to deny the government of God; they feel constrained to believe in the irrationality and purposelessness of all things and events.

The faith of God's people, those laboring for the Kingdom, is subject to exactly the same trials. How many of our efforts, and even those efforts that seem most wise and generous, fall out awkwardly, unhappily, unsuccessfully!

How rarely does evangelical work satisfy the artistic sense, the dramatic, the scientific sense! And because of this, we are apt to lose confidence in the Shaping Hand, the Guiding Spirit.

But, surely, we ought not to suffer ourselves to be thus confounded. Whenever we falter, let us look away from the provincial, the immediate, the sectional and take larger views. Christ himself takes the wider view and knows how the partial discord is lost in the larger music. "Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour"; but within the shadow He sweetly and effectually bends all things to His sovereign will. Despite all untoward evidences, Christ walks amid the golden candlesticks; He rules in His Church, harmonizing all contradictions and compelling all events to the sublime issue of universal truth and righteousness.

The presence and development of the Kingdom of God are largely obscured by its worldly accompaniments, and this is a trial to faith. We believe that the main motive and working of history is spiritual, but how little does this appear to the casual eye! How end of God hidden by the Kingdom of the world! Take the

morning paper, which mirrors the current world, and this fact is obvious enough. Parliaments, palaces, exchanges, armies, navies, crimes and carnivals, science, art, literature, storms, famines and a thousand other sensational things and events strike the eye and impress the imagination; and we hardly get a glimpse of that Kingdom of God which is the core of all things, the secret of history, the goal of the ages. Our mind and imagination are filled with the shapes, movements, colors, and voices of the world whose fashions pass away. The spiritual significance of contemporary history is hidden, except to the reflective and devout mind. We see the wires, but not the messages they flash; the body, but not the soul which actuates it; the mechanism, but not the spirit in the midst of the wheels.

Yes, this is all a great trial of faith. We become disheartened because our work is so little in evidence. The imagination of the nations is filled with the struggle of nation against nation, that they hardly get a glimpse of the sublime struggle of Christ with Belial, of Zion with Babylon, of the City of God with the strongholds of sin.

We are ready to think that there is no Kingdom of God, or that it is strangely insignificant and unaggressive. Yet let us be reassured. Our Master told us that it would be so. "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation." It belongs wholly to the invisible, the silent, the imperceptible, the inscrutable. But none the less it comes. The unseen dominates the visible, the still small voice is more than all trumpets and drums; and the inscrutable movement, so difficult to verify, is as the marching in the tops of the mulberry trees, inevitably working the Salvation and Sanctification of the race.

"He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street," yet He

works like the impalpable, imponderable forces of nature, and the kingdoms of the world and their glory shall become the Kingdom of God and of His Christ.

Saith the prophet Isaiah, concerning the office of Christ: "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till He have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for His law."

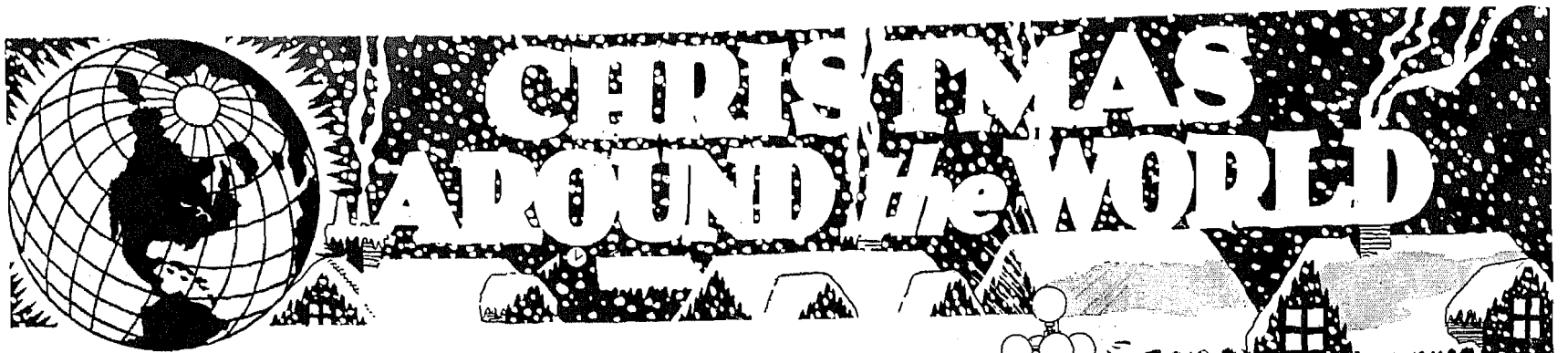
The Lord Jesus Christ stands before us, walks amongst us, with the utmost confidence, feeling perfectly sure of the ultimate success of Himself and His mission. His manner of appearing will long be humble; He will carry out His mission without demonstration; but He has no doubt as to His competence for His work. He has measured Himself against that, and knows that He will prevail. His zeal will never be extinguished; nothing shall break His strength until He has carried truth and right to their fullest efficacy, universality, and permanence. Says He—His language is grandly simply and simply grand: "I have overcome the world!"

Let us look into the tranquil face of our Master then, and catch, it may be, the infection of His glorious confidence, His peacefulness and patience. Let us seek fellowship with our undaunted Lord who overcame the world; and may He pour His faith and zeal into our fainting hearts.

This will rally us out of our doubts and fears, give courage to our hearts, and help us to face the future with confidence, and with renewed faith in the Shaping Hand, the Guiding Spirit, in the constant presence and superintendence of the King who shall reign for ever and ever.



## THE MAN CHRIST JESUS



## Each Country Preserves Its own Peculiar Variations of Seasonable Customs

**C**HRISTMAS! There is not another word in our vocabulary that calls forth such a flood of joyousness and good-will as that which designates this universal Festival. It conjures visions of homes gay with holly and evergreen, gift-laden trees towering in fairy splendor, the voices of carollers piercing sweetly the crisp air, or the music of Army serenaders wafted on the wind. And best of all, it brings to mind the sweetest story ever told—the story of the birth of the Christ Child in far Bethlehem. Wherever He holds gentle sway, the memory of His Nativity is yearly held dear.

It is well known of course that the Christmas Festival is not everywhere celebrated in the same manner, or even at the same time. We have become accustomed to associate glistening snow and clear, frosty air with this season, but if we lived in the Southern Hemisphere, we would in all likelihood be planning our Summer holidays at Christmas time! Happily, torrid temperatures do not detract from the blitheness of Christmas under the Southern Cross. A couple of snatches of Antipodean verse may illustrate this aspect of the Yule-tide better than any prosy description. A poet of English origin but Australian domicile writes of Christmas Eve:

*"Where the Fern-king holds his revels in the hidden courts of green,  
And the wire-grass weaves a curtain to enshrine his mystic scene;  
There I lingered in the gloaming of a sunny Christmas-tide;  
There I lingered 'midst the shadows whilst the daylight waned and died:  
There I mused and dreamed and pondered of the happy days of yore,  
Ere my errant feet had wandered to this strange Australian shore."*

Most Christmas customs are native to more northern climes and folk-lore can trace them to a variety of sources. Our word "Yule", for example, was the name given by the ancient Northerners to their long feast of the Winter solstice and returning sun. The roots of many more of these survivals project way back into the misty mazes of antiquity; each country preserves its own peculiar variations of the customs, which are subordinated to the primary feature of the Festival.

Christmas is, above all things, a religious anniversary; it is marked by special Church services, and the singing of carols. In Finland every sailor and fisherman endeavors to spend Christmas at home. Accordingly all boats come into harbor a few days before the event, and preparations commence. On Christmas Eve everyone takes a hot bath, and the

evening is spent in singing hymns and telling stories of adventure. All rise before dawn and proceed to the Church. Lights are placed in the Church windows, and a Cross is set above the door, "to show that there is Christmas joy within." Special holiday fare is given to the cattle, and a sheaf of wheat is set upon the roof, that the birds may keep the festival.

In Holland the custom on Christmas Eve is, or was, for the young men of the town, some of them in fantastic costumes, to meet in the principal square and, after singing the Dutch equivalent of "Gloria in excelsis", choose one of their members as star-bearer. A large lantern is provided in the shape of a star, which is borne at the head of the long procession through the streets.

Christmas Day in Holland is one



of devotion and worship. The services in The Army Halls and Churches begin about 6 a.m., and last the whole day. Not even gift-giving is allowed to interfere with the

sacredness of the occasion, for that takes place on St. Nicholas' Day, December 5th.

It is the custom in Roman Catholic countries for midnight mass to be celebrated on Christmas Eve, and provision has been made for three masses on Christmas Day.

It seems quite natural that the Festival which commemorates the supreme Gift of Divine Love should be a time for the interchange of gifts between kinsfolk and friends, as well as the giving of bountiful alms to the poor. Probably none but an unconverted Scrooge would look with disfavor upon this custom, when carried out within reason.

"Santa Claus" is the Dutch rendering for Saint Nicholas. St. Nic-

holas was rich, so legend affirms, and there is nothing he liked better than to help people in distress. Such folk found themselves the recipients of mysterious benefactions, and finally the author was discovered. From that day to this, when people receive welcome gifts from unknown sources, St. Nicholas has the credit for it.

In the Black Forest of Germany, the annual visit of Santa Claus is preceded by that of *Knecht Rupert*, who terrifies naughty children by his extraordinary acquaintance with their misdemeanors. In Norway Santa Claus is so overloaded with presents that he needs his servant, *Kris Kringle*, to aid him.

Accompanied by his wife, St. Lucy, Father Christmas marches about the Swiss villages garbed in a long furred robe. She distributes gifts to the girls whilst he

attends to the seasonal necessities of the boys.

It is said that St. Lucy was a Sicilian Christian maiden, who was martyred about the year 304. In some parts of Europe she is looked upon as a bogie, who appears in the form of a many-horned goat, giving fruit to good children, and threatening punishment upon the bad ones.

The gift-giving in Russia is accredited to *Babuska*—Grandmother—an old woman who, when the Wise Men from the East inquired the way to Bethlehem, wilfully misdirected them.

In Alsace a girl with a crown of gilt paper and lighted candles, having in one hand a silver bell and in the other a basket of candies, appears to the children at Christmas time. She is attended by *Hans Trapp*, in a bear skin, with a long beard and a rod. He threatens the naughty children, who are saved by the intercession of *das Christ-kind*, as the girl is called. She makes the children recite a hymn or some verses of Scripture; if they do well they are rewarded with gingerbread. Then *das Christ-kind* and her attendant dance and pass on.

The usual receptacle for Christmas gifts in France and Germany is a shoe. If in the shoe a small piece of wood should be found, it would be understood that Santa Claus' verdict was "not deserving". British boys and girls quickly discovered that shoes would not stretch, and substituted the stocking!

In Sweden, as well as in Pomerania, a small and valuable Christmas gift, such as a jewel or a ring is made up into a large parcel—the *Yule-klapp*—which requires time and labor to unpack. Sometimes the young ladies receive huge packages from which the male donors themselves step. More than likely they would make sure of their acceptance beforehand! *Noel* or the Festival of Good News is personified in many parts of France, and the gifts are brought by Father Christmas himself. In other parts they are directly attributed to "Le Bon Jesus."

These little romances have gripped the hearts of children for many centuries, and even after crossing the magic line into full understanding that Santa Claus or Father Christmas or Babuska simply mean "Father" or "Mother," they maintain a charming hold upon the imagination.

There is a regular custom in Scandinavian lands, and Hungary, of placing a sheaf of wheat on a pole in the gable of the house or barn. The boys in Denmark say, "It is for Santa Claus' white horse." Likely this is a survival from pre-Christian days, and the sheaf was originally intended for Odin's horse, Sleipnor. In North European countries generally there is a belief that all the lower animals should have a share in the Christmas bounty.

Customs exist in many countries referring to Christmas cakes, and are obviously traceable to ancient superstitions. Not much of this would seem to be associated with the Christmas cake of East Yorkshire, England, however—just an ordinary "spiced cake," or to the "wigs," or caraway buns, which in Shropshire were dipped in ale. But in other places "Yule dows," small images, human or animal in form, were given by bakers to their customers.

In Poland monks distribute little wafers, stamped with sacred figures and blessed by a priest. Christmas (Continued on page 16)







# The Son of a Leper

**"O, Christ of Christmas help me! To the world a Son is given, but our beautiful boy is to be taken away!"**

**"HOW GOOD GOD HAS BEEN to us! We hardly dared hope for such a bonny boy!"**

Is that a commonplace expression for a happy father to make, on taking in his arms his first-born child? In tiny cottage or palatial mansion; spoken by the humble peasant or uttered by the reigning monarch, those words may be gloriously commonplace, and it is well for our race that they should be so. But the speaker on this occasion was no ordinary being. He was a vigorously-minded young man and lithe as a panther.

The house in which Jan Lopies dwelt was a delight to behold and its setting as nearly as could be imagined like unto the Garden of Eden. Sylvan beauty was everywhere in evidence. Nature, in her most profligate mood, was expending amazing treasures of color and perfume and form in seemingly reckless profusion, and Jan's soul leaped high in gratified appreciation. A charming wife, fit mate, indeed, for such a soul as he, had completed his happiness at her coming, and now the baby boy! Could anything more be desired? Ah, yes, so much more!

For Jan and Nellie were lepers!

One may not imagine the horror with which the terrible fact was first recognised by Jan. Educated, to an exceptionally privileged extent, for apart from Dutch and Malay he knew English, German and French, he was also refined in his taste and highly-sensitive. For one such as he to be halted on the very threshold of upleaping life; to have those rosy prospects within reach of his ambitious finger-tips ruthlessly swept away; to realise what civilized society decrees against persons so branded.—Well, the rest of us can only stand aside and gaze sympathetically on; we may not comprehend.

Jan was not married in those days, and his was a bitterly-solitary spirit when he arrived at the Pelantoengan Colony for Lepers, in Java. True, he was well aware that the hospitable arms of The Salvation Army had been thrown wide open to receive him when he had been thrust away from contact with his fellows. He was mindful, in a dim fashion, that under the folds of The Army Flag he was being offered comforts and provision for the future the like of which he could not find elsewhere. But everything here served only to remind him of his awful case; the sights which now surrounded him — the terrible condition of his helpless fellows — could do no other than evoke pictures in his mind of the horror he himself must become ere death would set him free.

Language came to his aid in a wonderful way; he found greatest relief for his bitter self-communings in reading. By some means he became possessed of a number of books on spiritism. The subject would never have interested Jan, but for the fact that the books were extremely well written — they appealed to his finer feelings, which gradually triumphed over his soured state of mind. But only for a time.

Even while he told himself that he believed what he read; even while he asserted that he was a spiritualist, he was provoked to ask: "Why do memories of my childhood obtrude so unexpectedly, nowadays? Why do I suddenly remember myself kneeling at my mother's knee, speaking childish prayers? Why does the memory of those hymns she taught me disturb

the peace which lately began to swell up in my heart?" He had no answer to his own questionings. But he certainly began to connect those early-day teachings, lisplings, singings, with present-day Salvation Army happenings.

Language helped him further. He gave lessons in Malay and Dutch to The Salvation Army Officers who came to reinforce their comrade-workers in the Colony. The Bible and The Army Song-book were used as text-books. Really, Jan was to be pitied for the distracting thoughts which were aroused within him by the use of those readings. And then longing was awakened. He sent a note to the wife of the Officer in charge of the Colony. "May I come and see you?"

Again and again they met in the summer-house of the garden attached to the Quarters, where every effort of heart and mind was devoted by that good woman, to bringing the leper boy into the Light of the Truth.

"No, no, I cannot believe!" he would cry, and it became accepted as fact that Jan could not believe in a God of love who would permit the scourge of leprosy to fall upon a lad such as he was. But in due course the stumbling block was discovered — the receiving of Salvation through the simple act of faith in Jesus Christ seemed too big an issue to operate from so small a cause. Nevertheless, in due course, Jan gave up searching for something great that he could do and, going to the Penitent-form, made public confession of his guilt. Thereupon the tender Holy Spirit came to him with soul-healing. No, it was not immediately made easy for Jan; but he persevered and he overcame.

On the day that he was sworn-in as a Soldier of The Army he said, "This is a red-letter day

for me. When I was confirmed, I'm afraid I had no birth of religion. The acceptance of my confirmation papers left me cold. Now I am humbled, yet, oh, so happy, to become a Soldier of The Salvation Army!" Tears of joy, coursing down his cheeks endorsed his words, and as he spoke a remarkably-tender spirit came over the meeting.

Judge the wonder of life amid the isolation of a Leper Colony; judge the changed spirit of Jan, following his conversion, by the fact that he found a real "helpmeet for him" among the patients. They were married and set up the family altar in their home, and then their boy came. Wee Johnny was the light of his parents' eyes; the joy of the Officers; the pleasure of every beholder. But subtle sorrow was blent with that joy.

Leprosy is not hereditary. A child born to parents afflicted with that awful malady may remain with them for a well-defined period without danger; but after that time the choice must be made. If the child stays he will almost inevitably contract the dread disease. If he goes away beyond the danger zone all will be well. How much did these parents ponder the subject? Who knows? The day came, all too soon, when the official intimation was made; two mornings later the Officer would come for wee Johnny.

The mother and baby were away from the house when the news arrived. Jan, all alone, threw himself down by his bed to fight it out. Of course he had known it must be; he knew it would be now, at least; but it was hard, so hard. He sobbed out the whole story to his Lord; he prayed for light and strength.

Sweeping through his mind came the wonderful words of the prophet, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given!"

"Oh, Christ of Christmas, help me!" prayed Jan. "To the world a Son is given; but our beautiful boy is to be taken away. Oh, Saviour of men, my Saviour, Thou, too, wert taken away, for the good of mankind, and my boy for his own good. Grant that his going from us may be for the good of many. Let him grow up to be Thy Ambassador!"

A surge of quiet confidence swept over the distraught spirit, and Jan stood to face the future.

"My wife!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I must be calm for Nellie's sake. Two days remain, I will not tell her to-night. Time enough to break it to her to-morrow. I will bear this alone!"

Yearning to aid his dear one in the hour of shock which was so soon to come, Jan cast about in his mind for a method by means of which to approach the subject. An almost sleepless night left him totally unprepared to communicate the sad tidings; but their case was in Other Hands. Said the little mother next morning:—

"Can't you tell me what is the matter, Jan?" He groped wildly for words, not realising that a greater than he had undertaken to inform her spirit.

"Is it our boy?" asked Nellie. Jan was amazed! How could she guess? Then weakness seized on the distressed father, and he wept helplessly. But strength came to the young mother, and in his anguish it was she who ministered unto him, finding words of comfort which lifted him up with an access of vitality that knew no overthrow.

Of the last night which that little family spent together who shall speak? It is too sacred for us so much as to touch the veil of compassion with which we enshroud them. Suffice to say that they slept not; instead they watched—oh, how they watched!—beside his cot the long night through. Before day broke they gave the last meal which their hands could ever offer to their darling — it was a veritable sacrament to them—and when the hour of five was beaten

(Continued on page 16)



"May he take Your great Name to those who sit in darkness!"



# Balkaran Pays!

The Indian criminal went out into the dark,  
while his fellows found the Light of Life

BY ABER SYCHAN

“CAN YOU THINK of anything else, Dick? Are you sure we are ready in every way?” A drowsy voice ‘midst the buzzing noises of the Indian night.

“My dear, everything is in order, Christmas can come to-morrow, if it likes. But it's the unexpected that happens most regularly in this country, and we can't legislate for that. Go to sleep, if you can; that's the most difficult proposition I know! Good night!”

Your European may tire himself thoroughly; but he does not always find the renewing oblivion of sleep in the Indian darkness of night. He is usually too conscious of the invisible activity that surrounds him to find full rest of body or mind. And these two Salvation Army Officers, Merry Dick, as we call the Adjutant, and Mercy, his wife, living as they were, the only white people amongst some hundreds of criminal tribes-folk, had every reason to be wary, never allowing themselves to sleep with both eyes shut; at any rate, with both eye and ear off duty.

As they lay there in the darkness, neither of them stirred or spoke; but neither was asleep, even in part. At best they were relaxed, but that is rest after continual tension.

Stillness seems to brush against stillness in the heated hours of Oriental darkness; one may hear the faint swish of it, as when velvet purrs across velvet; it becomes audible. Amongst the sounds given off by somnolent Nature, sounds calling for finely-attuned senses, there began to intrude noises reminiscent of the day-lit hours. The distant note of a scavenger-dog, yapping at the moon, gave the ear a point upon which to focus. But, stay, there was an unrest under the near silence; . . . a small stir somewhere; . . . so small an irritant beneath the quiet, that it was only when one listened carefully, unbreathing, that one could be certain that there was a faint interruption, somewhere in the imminent night, of the human ego.

Ah . . . ! . . . Sh-h-h! . . . The sound of a human voice; . . . a woman's voice, rising in angry protest. No matter how near or distant, it becomes an intrusion. In India it comes with warning.

“That's Satabai!”

How did Mercy know that Merry Dick was as wide awake as herself? Of course she knew.

From his bed under the window, across the room, Dick grunted his protest into the night. It was based upon an Army chorus:

“Then who wouldn't be a mishn'ry,  
An Army mishn'ry,  
A fighting mishn'ry?”

“You will be careful, won't you Dick?” came the soothing voice of his wife.

“Mercy, my love, you know I am gentle as a fawn; but careful? I am enjoined to be careful for nothing. Never a care have I. Only I wish these children of a twisted Nature would conduct their wedding feasts without fisticuffs!” And he was gone—towards the centre of the increasingly-noisy disturbance. After a while the little woman, lying anxiously in the deep darkness, noted that the quarrelling had ceased. Was it the silence which covers, for a moment, the scene of tragedy? How had Dick fared? Should she go to see?

“Certainly not,” she admonished herself; “God will take care of him. We said so on the day we left England; I will not fear.”

A snap! Not the crack of a broken twig; not the sound giving token of an intruder. Mercy was instantly reassured. It was the agreed signal between them. He did but snap his fingers and presently, well-nigh soundlessly, he had slipped back into the room.

“Just one more contribution to our life-story,” he said, answering the silence, which was her question. “One further step towards the reclamation of these people. Nobody saw me. I laid down under a tree, within ten yards of the fight, and was able to pick out the ring-leaders. When I deal with them in the morning they will be

amazed at my information. And knowledge is power, old lady!”

“Ought you to go into such danger, Dick, without means of defence? No light; no stick or weapon of any kind? You know some of those robbers from other tribes who steal in among the Settlers have firearms.”

“You know I am defended, Mercy. Why throw off the protections of God, only to assume the doubtful guardianship of sticks, even fire-sticks?”

Silence!

All but unheard sounds stir the silence. A dog, yapping sharply, adds to the faint disturbance; again a voice, muffled, but yet distinctly heard as alien to the night sounds. A sigh from the bed under the window. Merry Dick has not moved, but Mercy knows he is very wide awake.

“Tarabai; this time,” she says.

Surely there is something uncanny about the way this Army missionary woman can identify the women who cry out in the night! No, nothing uncanny. Although the Officers' Quarters are comparative remote from the Settlement proper, such is the construction of the building in which the Adjutant and his wife live that any speaking voice can be heard in the night. The estate was formerly owned by a brewery company, and the high structure which houses, on the one side, Settlers, and on the other, the Officers, has in the roof two huge metal water tanks. These are empty and they serve as excellent soundboxes, reproducing, with effective clarity, any voice that is raised above the usual talking level.

From the fact that Mercy could recognize the owner of the voice by the sound it will be adjudged that she knew the women very well indeed.

“Oh, listen how she laments!” said Mercy.

Lithe-limbed Dick was already on his soundless way towards the other side of the building, and within a few seconds he was at the door of the section from which came the mourning and wailing. By this time other women had joined Tarabai, and their raucous lamentations made the night hideous indeed.

“Let me die, too; let me die, too!” came the shrieking voice of Tarabai. “Why do I live? Let me die, too!”

“Ee—Ai—ee!” chorused the others.

“Listen, a minute!” called Dick, as he paused at the doorway. “What is the matter?” More wailing; more beating of the breast; more hideous commiserations and then—

“The baby of Tarabai, it is dying—Aa—ee—Ai—ee!”

“Just let me see!” The puny child looked as if it had not another hour to live. But it had always appeared that way. Dick was quickly aware of the subterfuge and retired. But the wailing continued.

“How many months is it since Balkaran disappeared?” asked Dick on returning to his room and couch.

“Four or five,” answered Mercy. “Why, what has the crying of Tarabai, his wife, this night to do with his running away?”

“They told me that

Tarabai's baby was dying. I am sure it is not—more than usual, that is. But she wails as if her husband was dead. I'm sure we shall have bad news of him in the morning.”

“Here's morning coming now, and we've had no sleep!”

“For all of which we give thanks, and carry on. I'm going to have a bath!” and off Dick strode, whilst the greying shadows moved here and there as the lances of approaching day thrust hither and yon driving out the sombre armies of the night. Now and again, as Mercy busied herself with her preparations for the day, the voice of Dick, mingling with silvery splashes and great gurglings, could be heard singing:—

“Then, who wouldn't be a mishn'ry,  
An Army mishn'ry?”—and so on.

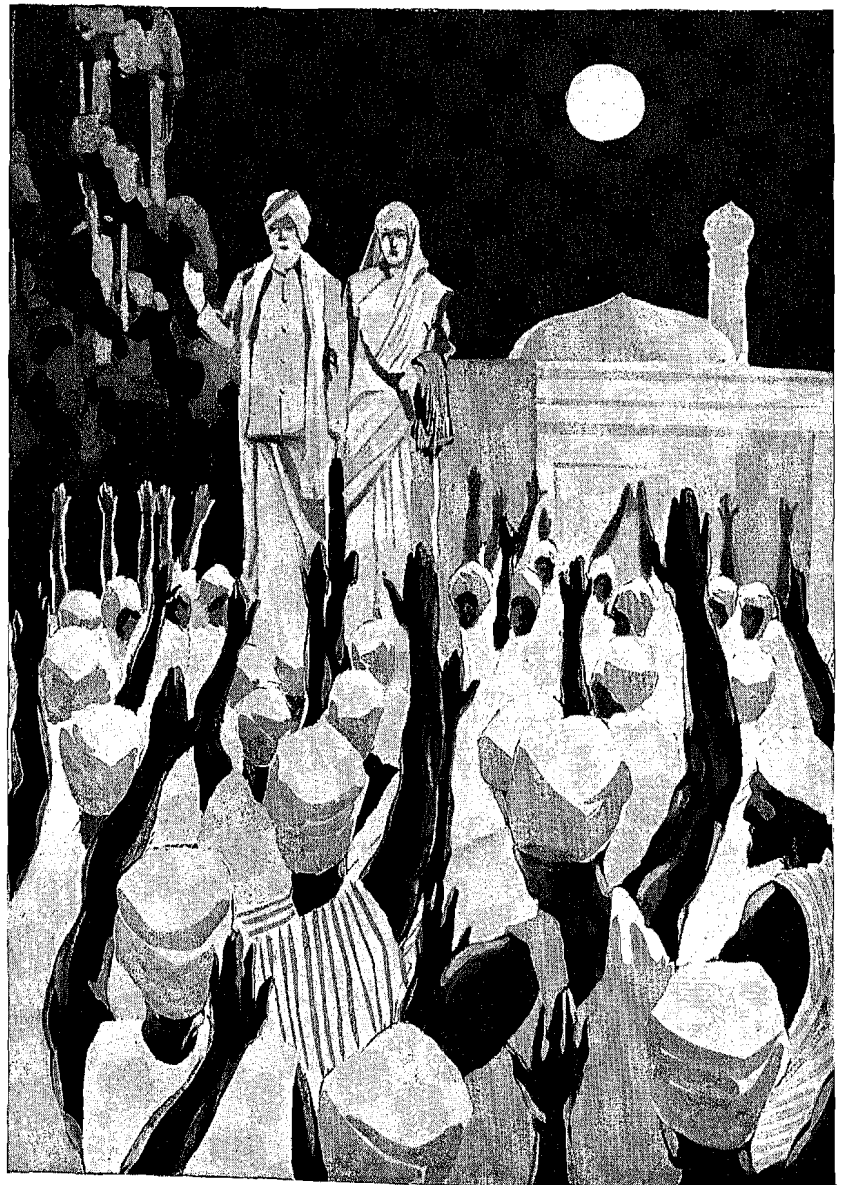
Daylight comes quickly in the East. Says the pessimist, “It goes as quickly.” Yes, possibly, but who wants to be pessimistic, with so many opportunities for optimism all about one? Certainly not Adjutant Merry Dick, and it was with a courageous heart that he greeted the delegation of Settlers who met him as he went about his business of seeing the men off to their work—these to gardening, these to laboring work on the roads, these boys to the carpentry school, and so on.

“Sahib, we have sad news,” said the oldest, making his salaams as he approached.

“A baby is dead?” said the Adjutant, keeping in mind the information of the previous night. “Do we need six big men to carry those tidings?”

“The child is better, oh Father of the Needy; it is of its father we would crave permission to

(Continued on page 16)



When those hands were raised, the Missionaries rejoiced



# "The WORLD KNEW HIM NOT"

By Commissioner James Hay TERRITORIAL COMMANDER

"Light  
o'er-  
flowed  
Him like  
a sun"

**T**HOUGH "in Him dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily," though He was "full of grace and truth," though He was the "true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the the world," though He was "the express image of His (God's) person," yet because "He was made in the likeness of men" and "took upon Him the form of a servant," and "humbled Himself," "the world knew Him not" and "received Him not." It was so from the beginning, though the manifestation of rejection of the Christ varied. From the Babe of Bethlehem to the boy among the doctors, from the early miracles to the mighty declaration of power over the dead, and right on through His teaching and example, culminating in His completed offering on the Cross, "The world knew Him not."

## Blinded, They See Not

It was the crowning infamy of man's abandonment to spiritual lawlessness that God's choicest gift was not appreciated, or its greatness or precious character understood. Now, as then, men cannot discern spiritual gifts, and always fail to respond to the heavenly when earth's values have blinded their spiritual sight.

What mattered it that infinite wisdom and profoundest love had determined the manner of His coming? What mattered it that prophets had shown the nature of the Messiah? Even "His own received Him not." Where is the difference to-day? Is there any change in the attitude of men? Alas, no! On every hand the sad evidence of this thrusts itself on one; it is found among all classes.

Education, enlightenment, open Bibles, thousands of Churches, religious literature, schools and seminaries — much being outwardly consecrated to His Name — often, alas, bring forth disappointing fruit. Judged by Christ's standard and by what He taught, thousands are still in darkness and unresponsive to His love, His example, His teaching, and His claims. The world knows Him not. What an argument for a great Spiritual Revival! What a plea for a new crusade to bring in the true Christ, the Christ of the prophets, the Christ of Luke's Gospel, of John's wondrous vision, of Christianity's conquering past! What a demand for re-adjusted sermons, spiritualized prayers, and fervent worship and adoration! What a call to the out-and-out servants of Christ to alter this sad condition of things by any and every means in their power!

Let us show the world what He was and what He is. Let us, this Christmas, take up again the illuminating torch of Divine revelation, and, with burning hearts, show men what they are missing by their rejection of Christ. Nothing, and no being is greater or

grander than He; there is nothing that will more truly meet man's need, whether personal or national, than Christ Himself; nor can any power utterly destroy sin and bring peace to men's hearts, as can His wonder-working power. What a charm to the whole being to know Him—

My eyes are filled with the beauty of Christ,

How His loveliness thrills me!

It is The Army's God-given task to change the world's attitude to Christ. Alas men often want just a formal Christ. But let us take to them the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Some want a pompous Lord of the High Choral Service. Shall we not rather take to them Christ as He is manifested the "Brother born of adversity," who enters into the distress and trial of life, who bears our sorrows as well as our sins? Do they want Christ far removed from the clamor of life and absent from their social and family affairs? Let us show Christ not away in the heavens, but standing beside them here on earth, stretching out hands of love; beaming upon them with eyes of sympathy, and anxious to throw around them arms of strength—A God—A Christ—nigh at hand. Are they antagonizing each other over their forms of worship? Let us preach and teach the Christ who exhorted men to follow in His steps, and made plain that the form of worship is but a secondary matter.

At Christmas we think of our Lord in His infancy, and are fully satisfied He is God's choicest and best. He became a child that He might sanctify childhood in all its developments. He became a young man, that knowing Him as such we might purify every impulse, ennoble every pursuit, and cleanse every purpose.

Our loving Father is too wise to err; our Saviour and Lord never faltered nor did He in any way fail. Let us remember always that, if men "knew Him not," God declared His sanction and approval—"This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

Light o'erflowed Him like a sun  
And raised His shining brow,  
And the voice came forth which bade  
all worlds

The Son of God  
avow.

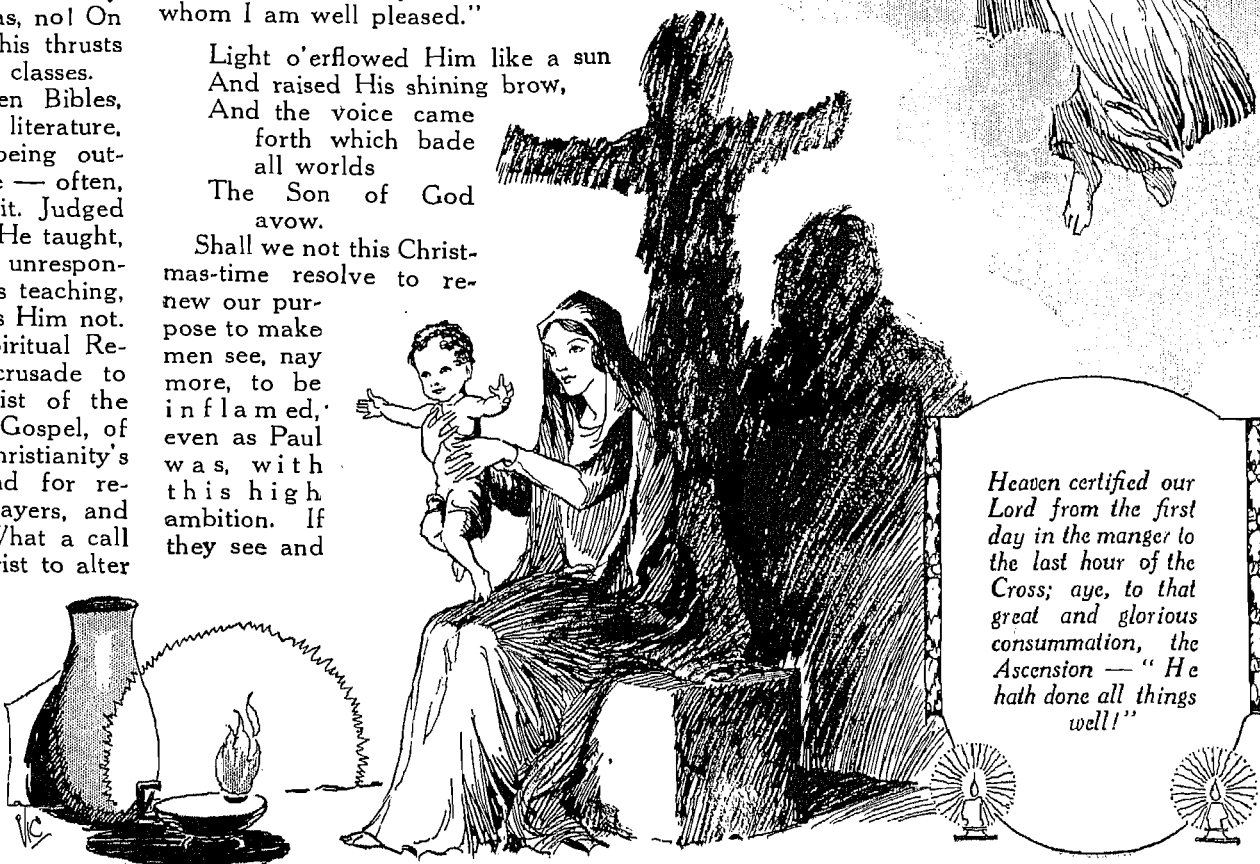
Shall we not this Christmas-time resolve to renew our purpose to make men see, nay more, to be inflamed, even as Paul was, with this high ambition. If they see and

know Him as He is, men will want to love Him and to do His will; even the sinner steeped in his sin will turn from his folly and start to follow Him.

If they knew Him they would love Him  
Just the same as we.

It is all wonderful. The infant Jesus has been thought by some to be almost as appealing as the Christ of the Cross; for in that is the assurance that God had actually begun to fulfil the hope of ages. God manifested in the flesh is in some ways more startling than the tremendous truths He later expounded. Yes, it is all wonderful and captivating. There is much to be taught, there are many wrongs against Christ to be righted, there are rough and tortuous ways to be made straight, and erroneous statements about Him to be refuted. Shall we, then, consecrate ourselves to the divine work of scattering the darkness and making men to say: "I see Him. I know Him. I'll stand for Him forever."

We have seen Him, thus we adore Him, and love Him.



Heaven certified our  
Lord from the first  
day in the manger to  
the last hour of the  
Cross; aye, to that  
great and glorious  
consummation, the  
Ascension — "He  
hath done all things  
well!"



# The WORLD



1. Street Distribution of Food to the Needy in Berlin, Germany

2. A Chinese Beggar-woman made Happy by The Army

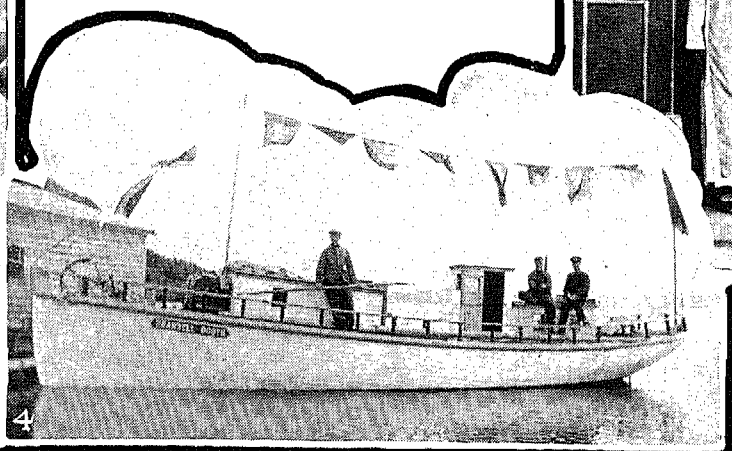
3. Types of Women amongst whom Army Officers are working, in Saidpur, India

4. Teaching Javanese Converts how to work Salvation Army in their own Language, on their Uniforms





1. Doing fine Needle-work in an Indian Home for Women
2. Local Officers of an African Native Corps
3. Korean Boy Representative of many such helped by The Army
4. "Bramwell Booth" Motor Launch, which conveys Army Officers to Coastal places in Newfoundland for meetings
5. Entrance to Army Home for Girls in China





# BY the GLOW of the CHRISTMAS FIRE

"O W! THAT DROP of perfectly good English rain got me square in the ear!" Jim sat up hurriedly, and the crazy bivouac, consisting of a couple of waterproof sheets, fastened insecurely to some willow boughs stuck in the rain-sodden turf, swayed perilously.

"Steady there, chump," came a good-natured growl from a prostrate form lying in the middle of the three chums. "Our 'bivvy' nearly went west then. Be careful, can't you? Time enough to holler when your shoes are like a pair of water-logged canoes, as mine are at this minute."

"Will it ever stop raining?" moaned Charlie as he stirred wearily, stretching a cramped leg the while. "Waterproof sheets!" he exclaimed peevishly. "Wish the johnny who made them could see his vaunted handiwork. 'Watersoaked sheets,' he meant. I'm wet to the skin."

The three Salvationist chums—Jim, Harry and Charlie—were members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force in the late War, and, when the foregoing somewhat doleful dialogue occurred were, in company with their companions of the Regimental Band, participating in field manoeuvres, in the county of Surrey, England.

## The Exodus Begins

It was the evening of the second day out from camp. For twenty-four hours it had rained incessantly. The Band had not been detailed to any special duty, and, following a cheerless meal of skilly and rice, the bandsmen had sought to improvise such shelters as their ingenuity and scanty materials afforded.

The waterproof sheet (so-called) was the indispensable ally of every soldier, and the effect of the huddled "bivvies," as the lads called them, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," formed a weird picture against the sombre background.

"Nuff's as good as a feast," announced Harry with an air of finality; "I can't stand this any longer."

"What's the alternative?" queried Charlie, who was gingerly adjusting the covering above him.

"A barn, or dog kennel, or something," said Harry.

"Or a church," added Jim, with eagerness in his tones. "That little ivy-covered church we ferreted out last week served us well when it rained."

"I felt quite virtuous sleeping under the pulpit," volunteered Charlie.

"The barn we discovered the next night was better. And that jug of steaming tea which the kind old lady brought us, just touched the spot."

"That's enough, boys," said Charlie, springing to his feet, while the "bivvy" collapsed with a squelch, a sodden heap. "Let's take the road."

The trio made their way in the gathering gloom, leaving in their wake the shapeless outlines of the remaining bivouacs of the bandsmen, who, rather than be disturbed, stoically endured their dreary lot. Beyond them loomed the field kitchen, enveloped in a soggy, dripping tarpaulin, while at no great distance, the cook and the company commander's batman were beguiling the evening alternately crooning Southern melodies and singing hymns, having taken shelter under the Supplies wagon.

"Nell," the coal-black steed, stood hard by, registering with dejected mien, her opinion of this impromptu concert.

Across the commons tramped the three, in quest of shelter. The immediate vicinity seemed devoid of habitation, but a few hundred yards brought them to a knoll from whence a chimney could be seen protruding above the trees about a quarter of a mile away.

"Where there's a chimney there's a house, and

where there's a house there must be a barn—in the country, at any rate," philosophized Harry.

"Or a dog," suggested Jim with grim humor.

But Harry was already straddling the fence. Charlie and Jim followed suit. Sliding and slipping they negotiated a steep bank, crossed, on a rickety foot-bridge, a brook, swollen with the heavy rains, and attempted to skirt the field which lay between them and their goal.

There was a sound like someone withdrawing an obstinate cork from a bottle, and then a wail from Jim:

"We've struck a marsh; let's go back."

"Oh, no," chuckled Charlie cheerfully; "It is but the Slough of Despond. Let's play the man, like Pilgrim, and perhaps 'Help' will turn up on the other side and give us a hand as he did Pilgrim."

Charlie's words were prophetic.

## Pilgrims Meet Mr. Help

The bog crossed at last, they found a delightful little donkey-shed, just suited to their tastes—at any rate in their present plight. Fortunately, "Ned," the late occupant, had been moved to more commodious quarters.

Permission being readily secured from the owner in the cottage nearby, he was about to fetch them some hay to make a more comfortable shake-down, when his wife sent word to "bring the boys into the kitchen, and let them spend the night there."

Faintly protesting, the three were led into the genial warmth and hospitality of the cosy cottage.

"Guess this must be the Mr. Help you were speaking of, back in the bog," Jim whispered to Charlie.

"What price turning back now?" was the rejoinder.

They were welcomed as bosom friends rather than as strangers from a strange land.

Chatting pleasantly with the warm-hearted wife and with the husband, who, they found, was a country gentleman's gardener, and romping with the three small children, the evening passed all too quickly. And still the rain teemed down.

Bed-time came and instead of the kitchen for their sleeping quarters they were promoted to a room—and a feather-bed!

Not until three heads had been bowed in sacred silence and three heart-prayers had ascended in thankfulness for the kind hosts under whose roof they were sheltered did they test the luxurious depths of that unexpected pleasure—the feather-bed.

It was three months later—and a blithe Christmas day. A light mantle of snow shrouded the country-side; the ivy-berries gleamed ruddily from the hedgerow; dapper robin red-breasts—no less insolent than their bigger Canadian cousins—chirped their Christmas carols with more vigor than tunefulness, and Jim and Charlie contributed to the enchanting scene by whistling jauntily as they strode along.

Whither were they bound? Where should it be but to the cottage 'mid the oaks, which had beckoned with such friendliness on that bleak night three months previously? The bond of fellowship then created had been strengthened by further frequent visits which their friends' urgent invitations had made possible. Harry had other pressing engagements on this glorious day and so did not accompany his chums.

Arriving at the cottage they found much bustle and merriment. Excursions into the adjacent woods, undertaken with enthusiasm by the lad of the house and his sisters, had produced ivy and mistletoe in abundance, with which the pictures and mantle-piece had been skilfully festooned.

Tea was a jolly affair, the little delicacies, which a soldier's fare did not include, being especially palatable to our two chums.

## Drafted to France

Retiring to the cosy sitting-room, the party was augmented by some neighbors. There was some excited romping with the kiddies who had long ago discovered that the two lads in khaki made excellent hobby-horses. Other games, of a more dignified character followed and then chairs were drawn up to the cheerful hearth where the yule-log crackled and glowed, and the room rang with joyous carols. To Jim and Charlie, who both had pleasing voices, this crowned the day of delight which had been theirs.

A few weeks later the expeditions to this little oasis were rudely disturbed. Harry, Jim and Charlie were drafted to France.

\* \* \*  
The hospitality of our English friends is a fragrant memory to the three Canadians.  
(C't'd page 19)



There was some excited romping with the kiddies



# INASMUCH!

*Grandma, thinking of the boy she has lost while, serves another, and ministers unto her Master*



IN SUMMER TIME the tall trees surrounding Grandma Morley's cottage were thickly foliaged. Now, in their naked condition they were snuggled around the immaculate little homestead, like loving protectors. Their snow-covered branches, swaying slightly, as though anxious not to lose the burden of whiteness that gave them sweet dignity, seemed to converse softly concerning the cottage, and whisper charming mysteries about the dainty, silvery-haired woman within.

It was the eve of Christmas. Piled up snow lay on every hand, and across its pallor, the glow of Grandma's cozy fire shed warm, comforting rays. The old lady was seated expectantly in an attractive room that served as parlor and dining-room combined. The cottage was furnished in no new-fangled style. Grandma had few of modern luxuries; nor did she desire them. A sweet luxury to her was the old-style grate in which coals glowed red and friendly, giving crimson warmth to the neat room and its furnishings, and lighting up the cretonne-covered lounge in the corner and the china closet next to it.

The china closet was Grandma's delight; for in its depths there stood, shining and splendid, a willow-pattern tea-set. Grandma, looking at it fondly, hoped that, ere she retired for the night, the Officers would stop in, as they often did, for a cup of tea or cocoa and a piece of cake.

"If they come to-night," mused the old lady, "I'll set the table in here by the fire, and use the willow-pattern china. 'I'll make them a cup of hot cocoa; for I know they'll be half frozen.' Her mind summed up the somewhat scanty store in the larder which was to comprise her Christmas dinner on the morrow. She mused contentedly.

How Sandy had loved her Christmas dinners. Sandy! "Dear lad," she murmured, and her old eyes were lifted to a large picture hanging over the fireplace. The dancing firelight lit up a uniformed man of about thirty-five, with a face virtuous, a head nobly dignified. When Grandma looked at him, she saw again a curly-haired boy at play; then a mischievous schoolboy; a high-school graduate; a young bank clerk; a soldier in his khaki—then there came only a vision of a far-away country, where fields, poppy-sprinkled, were covered with small grassy mounds and little white crosses. One of them was Sandy's.

Grandma looked at the picture and smiled

again. She could always smile. "Bless him," she whispered, and sat meditating. The old clock ticked on the mahogany table near the window; the wood crackled in the grate; but she heard none of these.

She was a young bride again, the bride of Bob Morley, the doctor in the small marketing town. Came a day when his quick step no longer sounded; instead a group of kindly-intentioned, clumsily-worded men broke the news that her loved one had been killed in a train wreck a mile from home. With silent steps the men who brought the news slipped away, leaving her to drink alone the cup of bitter anguish.

Six months after the death of her husband, she clasped to her bosom a soft warm bundle—a baby boy whom she called Sandy. Long before she was able to leave the big bed with the high posts, this youthful mother would clasp her transparent hands together and breathe a prayer of gratitude to God for the gift of Sandy.

Visitors came, and all admired Sandy; some even suggested that Grandma should have him adopted. How she would laugh, a rippling, happy laugh, and her gentle face would wear an expression of knowing something that old maids and cranky wives could not understand. She told them all, "Sandy is God's gift sent to comfort me; and we'll live together as long as we have strength to work, and die together if we have to."

Sandy grew to a romping school-boy. Out of the sturdy age there emerged a long-legged high-school lad; and pretty soon it was time to take his first job—in the local bank. It was a good position with opportunities for promotion—and the lad possessed all the qualifications that lead to advancement.

For fifteen years the boy worked and came stamping home at night, to warm fires and delicious suppers, always reminding Grandma of that other "boy," whom she loved, and had "lost awhile." Sandy deposited a portion of his savings each week at the bank, but his mother did not know how much he had saved until the war broke out, and the young man, with the light of great purpose in his eyes, told her that should anything happen to him, sufficient money lay in the bank to take care of her for the rest of her life.

So the boy had gone swinging away, with a smile on his broad mouth—a smile twisted and queer, that made Grandma think of the time when as a little boy, he cut his finger and tried not to cry. But there were no tears in Grandma's eyes as



she knitted socks, and packed enticing packages to send to Sandy and his friends at the "front."

The War over; the Armistice signed; the fatal telegram came to Grandma. Her brown hair turned white in just a few weeks.

A tap at the door awakened the old lady from her reverie. With remarkable agility, she arose, went to the door and welcomed eagerly the two rosy-cheeked Officers who stood there. Grandma, beaming upon them, bade them enter.

"Grandma, we want to ask you a favor," announced the Captain with a half-shy smile. "It's rather an imposition; but you are the best person to impose on."

Grandma beamed again. "Sure I'll do you a favor. Tell me quickly, girls. I'm curious, you know."

## "Like Having Sandy Back"

"Well, it's about little Gregory Smalley. You know his father died last winter, and the mother takes in washing. She has been ill for a long time, and this morning we took her to the hospital. She's in bad shape, poor thing, and little Gregory won't have much of a Christmas. We thought perhaps you'd take him over the season." Grandma leaned over to touch the Captain's hand, her face alight with a radiance unequalled by the sun.

"Why, it would be wonderful! Just like having Sandy back. You go right along and fetch the boy, Captain, while I fix up Sandy's room."

On the way upstairs she talked happily to herself. "I'll get out the new sheets, the ones I got for Sandy's homecoming." She made up the narrow bed, threw back the spread and stood surveying the inviting-looking couch. "Wonder if she's got a stocking," she pondered. "There's that old sled of Sandy's and the skates. They might fit. Nothing would please my boy better than to see them passed on to someone else."

Like an excited child she hurried downstairs again at the sound of the knock on the front door. The Officers and their charge stood without. The boy could not have been more than eight or nine years old. His hair was curly; his eyes brown, clear. Grandma looked intently into his rather thin little face—yes he was like Sandy. With a sound in her throat that was almost a sob, she knelt on the floor and drew the lean form to her soft, motherly breast.

"Why," she said, "you've made me the happiest person in all the world. 'All I need is a boy like this to make my Christmas perfect.' The child, like a weary baby, snuggled close in her arms, his chin buried in her neck, his eyes gleaming contentedly.

Neither of them noticed that the two Salvationists had vanished, but presently, from the circle of her arm, the boy stirred, and quite naturally exclaimed, "Look, Grandma (her heart thrilled at the name) what they left for us!"

## "Supposing I Had Given You Away!"

Her last qualm was allayed. Back in Grandma's mind an uneasy thought had lurked—her small stock of food, a hungry boy looking for a Christmas dinner. Her blue eyes shone as she looked at the huge Christmas basket the girls had left. A big turkey's neck hung over the side, and there were vegetables, fruit, candy, nuts and everything that goes to make up a luscious dinner. A tiny card on the top read, "We thought you might need some of these extra things for the boy."

Eagerly the lad grasped the handle of the weighty basket, anxious to serve the one who suddenly had become his heroine. "Where d'you want it, Grandma? I'm stronger'n you." He staggered under the weight of his load, the old lady following with admiring glances. She paused in the hall and glanced into the dining-room where Sandy's face smiled down from the picture. "Oh, Sandy, boy," she whispered, "supposing I had given you away like they told me. There would have been no happy memories, and no place for a dear lad to remind me of you."

At midnight, she tip-toed into his room, laid the sled and the skates where the boy would see them when he awoke and, pinning a stocking bulging with goodies to the bed, gently smoothed the brown curls and kissed the broad forehead.

Out of the dimness, it seemed another form arose, who turned His holy gaze upon the aged saint, and whispered, "Inasmuch!"

—CATHERINE BAIRD, Adjutant.



*Like a weary baby he snuggled close in her arms, his chin buried in her neck*

(Continued from page 9)

out on the wooden tong-long, the Sister came to take charge of wee Johnny.

Jan gathered his wife and child into his arms and prayed, committing their darling to the care of the Great Father. It was a dedication!

"Your gift, Oh Father, was all too wonderful. He could not stay long; but we thank Thee for him. May he bear our name with honor among his fellows. May he take your great Name to those who sit in darkness. And may comfort from on High solace and sustain our stricken hearts. Let the gracious works of our God fill anew our empty hands! Amen!" In a few moments more the boy was borne beyond the reach of their vision.

There was no reaction of that bitter spirit which had so troubled Jan formerly; not the least trace of rebellion awoke within his heart and he assisted to answer his own prayer for the filling of his empty hands by seizing the opportunities which he found and made for rendering service on every side. Many Officers thank him for a grounding in Malay and Dutch. Moreover, he became an inspired translator of Army songs and some books. He took up the work of Songster-Leader and managed to evoke some pleasing singing among the patients on special occasions. Bible classes occupied much of his time, and he took his turn at leading meetings in the hospital ward. Another appreciated service which he gladly rendered was to those patients who, hoping for eventual recovery, set themselves to acquire knowledge which would fit them for positions outside the Colony.

His weakness oft manifested itself; his pain knew no surcease, yet he toiled almost unrelentingly, developing a Christlikeness that was a wonder unto all who witnessed it. The last among men to wish for honor Jan put up such a fight, for others, as well as for himself—for the glory of his Lord most of all—as to call for courage equal to that of any who ever won the distinction of the V.C.

During the last year or so the apparatus for a new "light" cure was installed, by the generosity of an Army friend, on the Colony. As may be expected great excitement was occasioned! Mighty hopes were aroused where only despair had prevailed. It meant much to Jan and his wife; but they kept their even course without display of any kind.

"Nellie and I have told the Lord we are prepared to follow where He leads, and to do His will in all things. If no cure comes to us, we are still His to live and do as He wants!" Thus Jan wrote to the woman-Officer who had acted as mother to all the patients, but to himself was as the angel of God, bringing light and rest and hope into an insurgent soul.

But the light which has gladdened Jan Lopies is that which shines in the streets of the Eternal City. An urgent operation, a failure of his physical forces at the crucial time, saw the heroic spirit freed from the afflicted frame—Jan was promoted to Glory. His brave wife is comforted by the memory of the noble life he lived, and by the simple words offered by fellow patients whom he was enabled to lead into the joy of his Lord.—JAS. A. HAWKINS.

### Christmas Joy

This has been one of the happiest Christmases I have ever spent. It was so very happily spent that there was no time to be homesick, and it was a joy to bring pleasure into the lives of these dear people, who have only so lately learnt the meaning of the real Christmas joy.—A Missionary Officer, writing from Pieping, China.

### Christmas Around the World

(Continued from page 8)

and blessed by a priest. Christmas Eve is a strict fast, but when the first star appears, the feasting begins. A few straws are scattered under the table, and a chair is left vacant for the Holy Child. All the members of the family, servants included, break the aforementioned wafers between them, exchanging mutual good wishes. After supper the children are led to another room, where Father Christmas—or, as he is called in Poland "The Star Man"—appears.

We have but touched the fringe of the great mass of customs collected about the Christmas festive season throughout the world. Those that we have observed suffice to show that Christmas is the universal Festival of Childhood. In Norway there is a pleasant way of impressing this fact upon the minds of the children, reminding them that the birthday of their Divine Brother is their day. After supper straw is laid on the floor, and there the children sleep all night.

It is well for us to say, at least once a year:

"Backward, turn backward, O years  
in your flight;  
Make me a child again just for  
to-night."

(Continued from Page 10)

engine, the site proper will suggest that an animal has been cruelly mauled, and the tracks into the jungle will satisfy the casual inquirer.

"But they could not leave him as prey to the jackals, so they brought all the remains near to the Settlement and the Station, and they watched until these were found. The gang has paid the widow three hundred and sixty rupees, and that will be the end of it. But I am sorry for Balkaran. There were many things I liked about him. He was fond of his wife and children, and had a happy spirit. He would do many little jobs without thought of reward. A free-hearted man, he would have been with us in the Settlement and with his family still, had not that outside gang enticed him away."

"Cheer up, Dick, dear. Don't let this pitiable happening rob you of your spirit of hopefulness. Suppose we dispel the doldrums by putting on something new!"

"Anything for a change. What is it?"

Let us make the Roll Call a real meeting and thus test our success or otherwise in the things that matter most.

"Good for you; but how?" Then Mercy outlined her plan, and that night, being Christmas Eve, they put it to action. It was a beautiful spectacle. The moon shone wonderfully, a few dim lamps served to add a romantic air to the scene. The deep shadows of the trees fell in fretted pattern here and there as that company of all the Settlers squat upon the ground for the meeting. They had been told that it was not to be the compulsory Roll Call; they were free to come or to stay away on this occasion. The story of the first Christmas was told again in simplest language, and then the Adjutant said:

"It was on a night like this, as the shepherds sat upon the hillside to watch their sheep, that the angels came singing of the Babe that was born to take away all sin from those who would follow Him in a life of simple service to God. You have heard our story often as we tell it to-night. Now I want to ask, how many of you wish to become Christians, that is to follow His words and live to serve God?" In an instant more than one hundred hands were raised . . . and Merry Dick feared he had been misunderstood. So he explained that there was no compulsion here; every man was free to choose or otherwise. But again those hands were raised, and the hearts of the missionary Officers were gladdened exceedingly.

"Every night in future," the Adjutant announced, "those who wish to be taught the Christian doctrine will meet in the schoolroom, and we will begin to-morrow night."

So Christmas Day came and passed until the evening when, to the great joy of the Officers, over one hundred Settlers attended the gathering in the schoolroom.

"Speak on!"

"'Twas that invention of the Evil One, that monster devil of metal and fire which draws the train upon the shining rails, which met poor Balkaran in the night and now he is separated into many parts, oh Father of the Needy!"

"Balkaran? Is he dead?"

"He is killed, oh Friend One!"

"Take me to him." So they accompanied the Adjutant to the railway track where the grisly remains were being made the subject of an examination. The police were quickly satisfied and the case written down as an accident. But the fact that there were no other signs than just the severed portions, there were no blood stains on rails or ground—it was obvious that the poor body had been brought to the spot and spread out in an effort to impress the police—made it plain that this was not the scene of the tragedy proper. The Salvationist turned away to await fuller information. Meanwhile the body was sent in to the Settlement for burial.

Once again Merry Dick lay under the tree within hearing of the council which the Settlers were wont to hold, and this is what he told Mercy on his return.

"I'm sorry for Balkaran. He was a weak-willed man who gave in to the pressure of strong-passioned thieves who mingled with the Settlers some months ago. Last night they were sharing the spoils after a recent robbery. A quarrel arose as to the disposal of some silver, and Balkaran was shot. To hide the original crime they took the body to the railway line, miles away from here, and there it was badly maltreated by a passing train. If investigation is made to account for the condition of the

White above us hangs His star.  
In this holy hour  
Mary's lily in the sky trembles into flower!  
Clearer, brighter blooms the star;  
all the world is light;  
But a moment hush your joy—  
Jesus sleeps to-night.  
Stars, shine softly on the sea!  
Waves, more gently toss!  
For in sleeping He must gain  
strength to bear a Cross!

### Manger Lullaby

MASTERS, cease your revelling, for  
a little Head

Rests beside a Mother-Child in a  
manger-bed!

Winds, blow softly on the plains!

Shepherds, hush your sheep!

For our Guest to-night is young;

We must guard His sleep.

Stars, shine softly on the sea!

Waves, more gently toss!

For in sleeping He must gain

strength to bear a Cross!

White above us hangs His star.

In this holy hour

Mary's lily in the sky trembles into  
flower!

Clearer, brighter blooms the star;

all the world is light;

But a moment hush your joy—

Jesus sleeps to-night.

Stars, shine softly on the sea!

Waves, more gently toss!

For in sleeping He must gain

strength to bear a Cross!

—CAROLINE FULLER.

"Can you think of anything else, Dick?" came a drowsy voice amid the buzzing noises of the Indian night. "Is there anything else wanted to make you happy on this Christmas night in a Settlement filled with Indian Criminals?"

"My dear, everything is in order. Christ is born in many hearts in this Settlement, this day. What more could I ask? I'm going to have a bath before I turn in."

And while the water splashed and gurgled a ringing voice could be heard singing:—

"Then who wouldn't be a mishn'ry,  
An Army mishn'ry,  
A fighting mishn'ry?"



## The Ghosts which Stare from Foodless Pantry Shelves and Stalk through the Empty Coal-Cellar

fully be held by Jesus, and by this means has been taken away the spiritual significance of this hallowed season. The finest interpretation of the most stupendous epoch in the history of the world is being swept into the realm of the forgotten at the bidding of commercial exploitation. Sinister in form, and selfish in practice, it negatives a very great deal of God's intention and removes much that Christmas should offer to all.

To-day, hidden away from the scenes of festivity and merriment, we will find lurking a terrible spectre; it represents want and poverty. The horror of it all is seen in the fact that each year this ghost of Christmas misery grows bigger and bigger. Its blighting breath adds chill to a season which was meant to be glad-some and joyous.

Here is another viewpoint: The almighty dollar as a be-all and end-all, has intruded itself into this Holy celebration to such an extent that men are inclined to believe that only those who can afford to get this or to buy that will be able to spend a really Happy Christmas. Money for presents, for food, and for riotous ribaldry, dancing and drinking, are the terms in which far too many people are seeking to express Christmas. And we get so busy wishing each other a happy time, and in parcel-packing and gift-making, that we are in danger of overlooking the sombre and tragic background against which so much of this season is staged. Thoughts of Christmas bring joy to you and yours; but there are thousands—how many thousands, who can tell?—to whom the very mention of the name strikes a terror cold and cruel.

Christmas evokes for such people a grim and haunting spectre of accentuated poverty. Thousands who manage to exist through the year find themselves unable to meet the demands of this mistaken Christmas extravagance. In the hearts of parents and children grief and disappointment, progenitors, eventually, of envy and bitter hatred, take the place of goodwill and peace.

Instead of the Babe of Bethlehem, in a manger filled with glorious promises, free to all, they have put Santa Claus, who rides in a sleigh filled with sadness for those who are too poor to buy. Children toy in fancy with the gifts they wish to have. Father's sorry task is the heart-breaking and demoralizing attempt to solve his unemployment problem. Mother tries to make both ends "meet," when she has only bread. In hushed tones father and mother whisper of how to "get through," whilst the youngsters dream—what for them will be only a dream.

Oh, these ghosts of Christmas misery, how they stare from the foodless pantry shelves; they stalk through the empty coal-cellar, while empty pockets and empty stomachs give an awful sense of nothingness, even mockery, to Christmas. The difference between cold feet and cold storage is one that has to be felt to be realized fully.

Man's selfishness, not to say his forgetfulness, has interposed itself between God and His best intentions and the world is faced, at this sacred season, with a surfeit of poverty and distress. But so many of the well-fed

and the well-dressed will remain largely unconscious of the cruel fact.

If, in coming to the birthday party of Jesus, at Christmastide, we can forget much of the eating and drinking and give ourselves more to the Spirit of the Shepherds and the Wise men, we shall be doing something towards restoring the ideals of the Father of us All, and the fact of Jesus, His Son and our Saviour. Let us be not so much perplexed as to what we shall give to each other, but concerned more as to what gift we can make to Him through Whom redemption is made possible to us all.

Our giving to God may involve giving to humanity; for it is common experience that such a presentation will often lead to prayerful and constructive planning likely to benefit those of whom we have written in this article. Thus should we secure a great step forward toward a permanent removal of the ghostly miseries which, at this season, stalk the streets and haunt all too many homes in this fair land of ours.

For those who have some means, but no knowledge of how to set about the task of disbursing their compassionate remembrances of the Gift of God, The Army Officer is always ready and able to act as almoner. Commissioner James Hay, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, would gladly acknowledge financial gifts and see that they were devoted to the desired objective, but the offering which gladdens the heart of God is the dedication of life-service to His glory and to the helping and blessing of others in Jesus' name.

**W**HY does the boy associate thoughts of father with the festive season of Christmas? Why else than because it was the Father of us All, even God Himself, made Christmas when He bestowed upon the world His greatest and grandest gift—Jesus! It was God's Angel who uttered the first Christmas greeting: "Be not afraid; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." And that greeting filled the world with fresh hope.

A multitude of the heavenly host sang the first carol:

"Glory to God in the highest. And on earth peace, goodwill toward men." In this way they heralded the advent of a new dispensation.

Humble shepherds journeyed in fear and trembling to gaze upon the marvel of Divine munificence, and they returned "glorifying and praising God for all things that they had heard and seen."

Wise men bowed in adoration before a manifestation of God's benevolence which they could reciprocate only by a presentation of costly gifts.

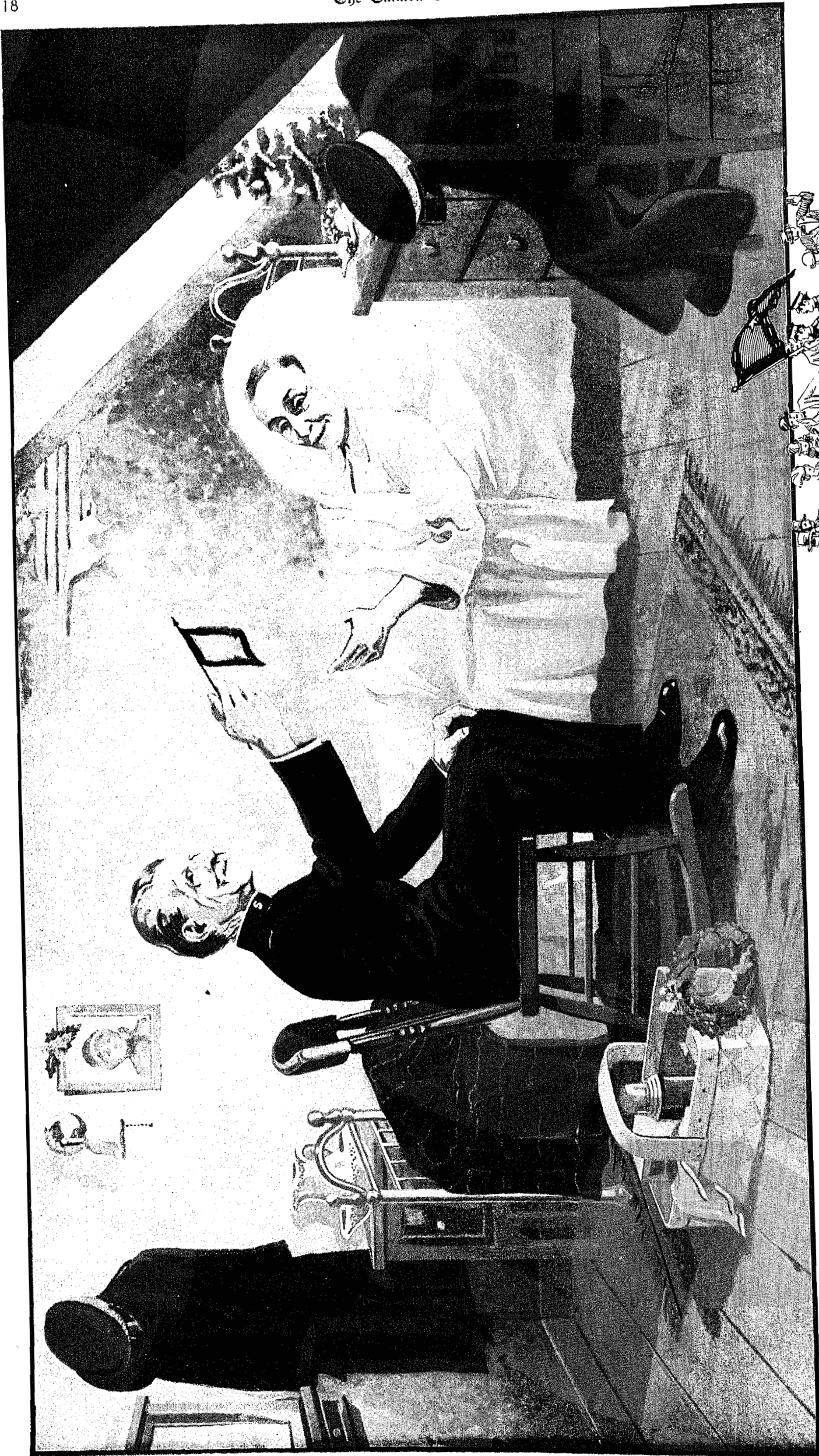
Here is the setting of the first Christmas. Heaven—giving and rejoicing. Earth—receiving and worshipping.

Jump the interval between and we find, nineteen hundred and thirty years afterwards, that man has been and yet is busy endeavoring to rob God of the fruits of His precious purpose, by substituting a fiction for a fact. That is not to say that mankind deliberately set out to do this thing; but that is the result which has been achieved.

Santa Claus, with all too many, has usurped the place which should right-







# The Old Comrades' Re-Union

They were Drummer and Color-Sergeant in the early days



# Lucky Larrigan

The Story of a Stolen Box of Soldiers  
~and Much Else



**H**E WAS a little man with humorous eyes and a thatch of iron-grey hair. Sixty? Perhaps; though it was more likely that the wrinkles around eyes and mouth told a lie ten years long about his age, and the monstrous truth about the other fifty. It was that truth which was worrying him as he sat on the side of his bed in the mean room where he lodged.

His name was Larrigan—Jem Larrigan—Lucky Larrigan in less reputable parts of London; his profession, burglary. That is to say, it had been for as long as he cared to remember. He was in hiding here and, by one of the less-understood freaks of personality, had decided to quit. Burglary did not pay. The wages of that kind of sin is, if not death entire, at any rate the living-death of the prison-cell, and since he had just emerged from ten years' wage-taking and the disapproval of his "luck," wisdom had somehow suggested retirement. There were difficulties, of course. The diffi-

prelate these.

How many times he had turned his problem over in mind! And now, this very night, had been added a complication. There was a boy in the house who had fallen in love with Larrigan. They were always together and wonderful it was to see how the old boy opened his heart. Young Harry, with his five-year-old inventions, had captivated him body and soul. He might have been Larrigan's son, and Larrigan loved him even as he had loved his father before—But that doesn't concern us.

This night they had sat together at a frugal meal: the widow, Harry, and Jem. It was Christmas Eve and the boy, looking up suddenly from his plate, had asked: "Will Santa come to-night, Jem?"

The mother's eyes filled. Jem stirred uncomfortably and flushed. Santa Claus? Good heavens, there could be no gifts in this backwater of slumdom! And yet . . . in a trice the idea was born, grew, loomed wildly before him, and scarce knowing what he had

culty of earning a livelihood, for instance—staved off temporarily by the kindness of the woman down stairs; and the greater difficulty of eluding the the old set. Only those of you who have been "over the Alps" will fully ap-

mean the burglar answered: "You wait, Harry boy. Go to bed and sleep, and see what God sends yer!"

Harry's eyes sparkled. He clapped his hands and laughed. "I hope it'll be so'jers!" he cried.

So'jers! Jem saw the little men, forming and reforming before his eyes as he sat quietly speculating. Why not? It would be child's play. Just a box of so'jers! True he had thought to have finished with the old life; but Harry—Harry to-morrow morning, with no so'jers? It was unthinkable.

He reached for his cap and left the house; near midnight, frostily clear it was. He set off at a smart stride for a store he knew, and like one in a dream mechanically performed a well-learned task. It was easy. He had been in here before, he reflected, and chuckled softly. Here were the toys and here—yes, so'jers a-plenty!

Larrigan fumbled in the dim light cast by a street-lamp and selected a box. Then he retreated, climbed out through the window, and, hugging the shadows, made for home.

He was nearly there when someone coming out of a side-court collided with him. Larrigan saw uniform as he staggered aside. He dropped the precious box—and laughed foolishly. All the strength seemed to have gone from his legs and he gave up thought of escape. "Fair cop!" he said. But the other, to his astonishment, was bending to pick up a cap—a cap, not

a helmet! And then Larrigan laughed in real earnest. A Salvation Army bloke!

The Officer rose swiftly and faced the burglar. "Is it a fair cop?" he asked. "Why, friend, you're trembling! What's the trouble?"

Then Larrigan took his wildest plunge and the flame of resolve broke into a great light. He chanced his "luck" for the last time and in a few words told the stranger what had happened. Why? Only Larrigan could explain. Perhaps he saw an unsuspected way out of all his problems.

\* \* \*

Life deals strangely with men. Who, three hours before, could have foretold a prayer meeting in the humble kitchen where Harry's devastating question had been asked; who would have predicted Larrigan and the widow woman seeking Christ? Yet this is what came to pass.

So Harry had his so'jers after all, and Larrigan, accompanying the Captain, paid for them out of his first earnings. This last explains why the management mystified the police by withdrawing their charge against a criminal unknown. It also explains how the problems were solved. And—since you may be wondering—Larrigan is now the next best thing to Harry's father, and they are great "pals"! Also, he still calls himself Lucky Larrigan, for who can gainsay the good fortune of any human habitation in which the Christ-Child is born?

## THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of

### The Salvation Army

in Canada East and Newfoundland

Founder *General*  
William *Edward*  
Booth *J. Higgins*

Territorial Commander  
Commissioner James Hay

James and Albert Sts., Toronto

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## THE EDITOR SPEAKS

### REMEMBER NOW!

**I**F WAS our late General, the great-hearted Bramwell Booth, who said, "Let us make the children and the old folk happy, and remember, for Christ's sake, the mourners and the strangers within our gates!" How necessary it is that a voice should be raised to call attention to the under-privileged amongst us, and to excite the interest of those who, having the means to help, if ever so little,

would otherwise pass on their way all unconscious of the tragedies of life which surround them. But if we want the year 1930 to be characterized by a Happy Christmas something will need to be done on behalf of the people mentioned by the Champion of the Sorrowing quoted above.

Sometimes a child may forget about the other holidays, but who ever knew one who had known a real Christmas forgetting to look forward to the coming of the next?

The true Christmas spirit touches even the most morose and, for the time, at least, makes him forget to be soured on mankind in general. Sometimes the happenings of the Natal Day lead to the healing of old soreness, and peace is often the consequence of realizing how imaginary was the occasion of hard feelings.

A word as to the practical side of Christmas gift-making. The little tokens of remembrance from friend to friend, as also those exchanged in the family circle, are as they should be; but charity, though it begins at home, ought not to cease there. The deserving poor and unfortunate, especially those who have outlived friends and kindred, should be remembered by the more fortunate.

Some of our loved ones go from us out into the big busy world; others pass on into that "other-where," as the Christmases come and go; and we think long thoughts as we view their vacant places. And we wish, oh, how we wish!

Let us not repine, but say the kind, endearing word as we have opportunity to-day, and do the gentle, loving thing we have in mind. So shall we all realize the Happy Christmas with no regrets. *Remember now!*

## When Goldie's Dream City Crashed

(Continued from page 6)

"Miss Price," she said suddenly, "do you know that you have been saved from—from a life more horrible than death? Do you know that the woman you were with is a bad woman? I know her of old!"

Goldie's breath came quickly as the full truth dawned upon her awakening mind, and she flung herself in complete abandon before the Salvationist. "Oh!" she cried, "how can I ever, ever thank you!"

The Officer spoke tenderly. "You have been saved from that fate, Goldie. But Jesus wishes to save you from your foolish wilfulness. He wants to show you the value of love and life and contentment . . ."

Goldie's Dream City had crashed, and she had nearly fallen beneath the ruins. But now arose from the chaos a glorious hope, born of the advent of wisdom, and the coming of Jesus.

\* \* \*

On Christmas morning there were only two passengers for Sprucetown aboard the up-country train. The sun was sparkling on the crunchy snow when they arrived, though up to that moment it had failed to drive Jack Frost's artistry from the windows.

"Let us hire a cutter," suggested the passenger in uniform. "You can drive, can't you?"

The other smiled happily. "I should think so. I was thirteen when I broke in one of the wildest little colts in the district."

Half-an-hour later the gladsome tinkle of sleigh-bells startled two

## By the Glow of the Christmas Fire

(Continued from page 4)

dian chums—for all returned unscathed from the great adventure in France, thank God. Reviewing those delightful visits from a perspective of thirteen years, their friends' generosity, selflessness and trustfulness are enhanced, if anything, a hundredfold.

Canadian soldiers were not angels, no more than any other Tommies, yet the gardener and his wife took our trio at face value. Furthermore, these good folk were on war-time rations, and only those who have experienced this can appreciate what it meant; yet the Canadian lads were gladly invited to share whatever their English friends had, at what sacrifice to the family the chums were not permitted to learn. It was enough for the kindly pair to know that they were bringing a little cheer to some mothers' boys—mothers who were far across the seas, waiting, wondering and praying for their absent sons.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," this Yuletide season. You may "entertain angels unawares."

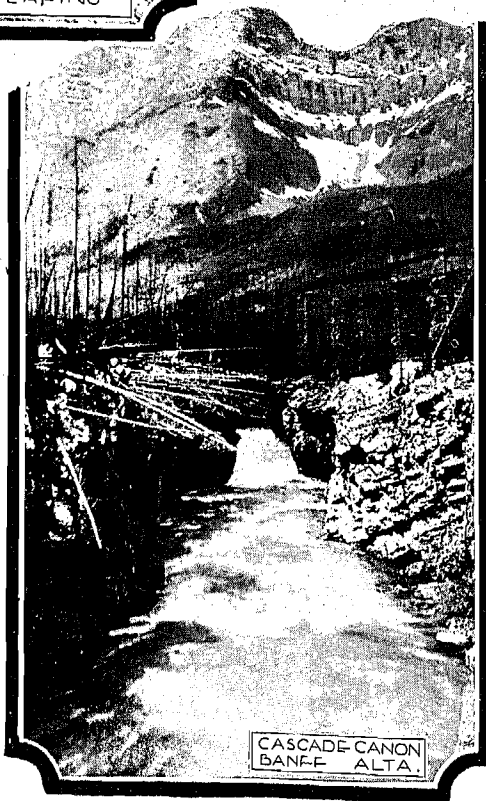
—JOHN WOOD, Ensign.

lonely old folk in the Prince homestead. Caleb opened the door, letting in the frosty wind and whirling snow. "I'm The Army woman," shouted a strange voice from the sleigh. "Here's Goldie—your Christmas box from the city!"

—CLARENCE WISEMAN, Captain.



# CANADA IN SUMMER





# Bearding the Lion in his Den =



*English girl is Snatched from his Claws in a Belgian City*

*"Before I knew what she was doing she had run past me shouting 'Louis!'"*

reasonable train left at 7:45 on the Thursday morning, and I was in it. I had found that there was a return train from Antwerp to Brussels at 9:19, and I thought I had better try to catch that, so as to be able to dispatch the 'goods' via Ostend on the train leaving Brussels at 11:17. There was a reasonable chance that I might accomplish this if I hurried.

"On leaving the railway station I approached a policeman

—rather a risky thing for a Salvation Army Officer out of uniform! Evidently I passed muster, for when I asked my way he pointed to a street not more than 200 yards off.

"You will believe me when I tell you that I had prayed about this job, and I think the Lord must have told me what to do. As I went in the direction indicated by the policeman, I was wondering how to get the address I needed without losing too much time, when my glance alighted on a shipping office. In I went and there got the address I desired.

"So I boldly marched up to the house in question and rang the bell. A servant maid answered my summons; she was a Flemish girl. I asked for an English young lady, Miss F—. The maid left me, went half-way upstairs, and called. As she went I was looking up and down and across the road. On the other side, at the corner of the street, before a cafe, two men were in conversation, the one sitting, the other standing—the latter with his back towards me. I

heard someone come downstairs and to the door, and I recognized that this was the person whose photo you had sent me.

"I simply said to her: 'I want you to come with me, for a moment, to the British Consul. You are Miss F—'."

"What for?" she asked.

"Oh, well," I answered, "I will tell you on the way!" Before I knew what she was doing she had run past me towards the road, looking towards the cafe where the two men were still talking together. As she went she shouted 'Louis!'

"But I didn't want Louis. I only wanted the girl. So I admonished her, 'Say nothing; be quiet!' She jumped, stared, came back and looked me up and down. 'Yes,' I added, 'don't say anything. I'll tell you!'

"She did not call Louis again, but went back into the house: I called after her, 'You must bring your passport.' As I waited for some minutes I wondered whether Louis—the undesirable—was actually going to keep his back turned to me and to the house, until we were well under way. Miss F— came out of the house, bringing her passport, and we walked away from the house, not, however, though time was short, towards the railway station, but the other way—in the direction of the Consul's house. I did not want to leave a trail that could easily be followed.

"But who are you?" she asked turning suddenly round on me.

"Oh, I'm all right," I answered. "You don't need to be afraid of me." Then I took from my pocket a letter on Salvation Army official notepaper and showed her the crest.

"Do you know this sign?" I asked. She didn't, so I took out her own photo, turned it about and showed her her own writing on the back.

"You see now?" I said. "I know everything. Don't be afraid. I am going to see you off to England!"

*He waited in vain, for his prey had escaped*

"What!" she cried. "Now? But I have no money; and I have not my clothes; and I have left the breakfast things on the table; and my washing stands in the water; and what about the keys? He won't be able to get in when he comes home. And the poor cats I have locked in the room, they have nothing to eat! And here I have twelve francs of house-keeping money I have to give him back?"

"All right," I answered, "I'll see that he gets the keys all right. And the other things don't matter at all. You'll do better to come away now!" and finally she agreed that this was best. Now I took a big risk, for we boarded a street car which turned back the way we had come, but, having negotiated the dangerous passage, we reached the station in safety, and caught the 9:19 train.

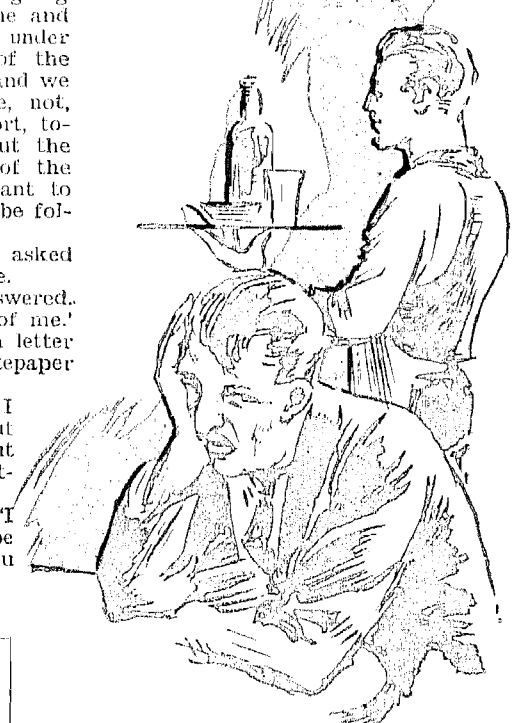
"In Brussels we had plenty of time to take a ticket through to London, and I saw her comfortably settled in the train. My telegram to the Officers at The Army Hostel, in Ostend, to

(Continued on page 22)



PHOTOGRAPH, depicting an attractive - looking young English woman, a few terse descriptive facts, an appeal to "get busy as soon as you receive this," caused a Dutch Officer, stationed in Belgium, to plan a coup which has been a source of keen gratification to him ever since. We cannot do better than extract the story from his own written report, sent to International Headquarters, in London, England.

"I got your letter on Wednesday night," he begins. "It was already six o'clock, and I had none too much time for planning and preparing to effect the capture you desired. Yes, I decided to keep the case in my own hands and I allocated a half-holiday to myself for the purpose. This personal attention to your request was all the more desirable because I have a 'rover' ticket giving me facilities on all the railways in Belgium. The first



Just there, in the distance, over the heads of the jostling throng, one sees the swaying flag, the banner of The Salvation Army. A periodical night attack is on. Threading their way in and out among the promenaders on the pavement come women, garbed in the regulation blue of this Army of Love. They give kindly invitation to a meeting; little cards, which bear the address of the Receiving Home near by, are also distributed.

"Let's see!" says a jolly-looking rake on whose arm one of the recipients is leaning. But she draws away and, as the Band passes out of sight, she stows the precious piece of paste-board into safe hiding. Who knows? she may use that sooner than one would think.

Whence do these lovely creatures who make up the fateful element in this hideous night-life come? A few weeks ago the writer was walking through the streets of a small Northern town, accompanied by The Army's Divisional Commander in those parts. Two finely-dressed young women passed along on the other side of the road and disappeared into an hotel.

"Did you see those young persons?" he queried. "Well, they are the most dangerous creatures I know. Clever, too clever for the police; yet they are known to have been involved in the disappearance from this district of six girls whose parents have lost all trace of them. They got to know these women,

were seen about with them for a little while, were warned of their danger, and then they just vanished. Some great mysterious city has them now; while their parents are breaking their hearts with longing for the wayward girls' return!"

Yet experience shows that the playing of just such a Band, or the casual happening of some memory-stirring event, will suddenly arrest the thoughtless girl and send her hurrying home to loving forgiveness.

"Call at No. 25," said the Corps Officer in a certain town when he was arranging the street-collection for the annual appeal; "and you will be sure to hear a heartening story!" The Salvationist paid his visit in due course, and this was the story he heard:—

"My girl, the only one I have, was as smart as any girl hereabouts at her business behind the counter. But it all led to her undoing for she began to hanker after the quicker life of the city. She said she wanted to be where things were really happening. I really believe she meant only in the business kind of way. By and by she got a position in the city near at hand, and later sought

work farther away. She wrote for a few weeks saying that all was well, though things were strange; then, without warning, her letters ceased altogether. I was simply distracted. Was she ill, or, maybe, dead? Or was she worse than dead?

"Life became an unbearable burden for me. I nearly lost my reason. And then, one Sunday afternoon, The Army Band came round this way. I told the Officer all my trouble, and he promised to help all he could. 'But,' said he, 'don't let us rely too much upon the human arm; we must put it before the Great Father.' So he prayed, here in my kitchen, asking God to direct one of The Army Bands in her direction, and that He would cause the music to reach the heart of my lost girl.

"You may think it an amazing thing, but that is just what happened. She was passing through one of the suburbs of the great city when she heard a Band at the street-corner playing a hymn she had often heard them play in our town. With a laughing comment to her companion she jumped into a car and rode away. Later she found herself near another of your Bands, and, strangely enough, it was playing the

same hymn. That made her think; but only of our town. Late one night, in the same week, she heard another Army Band playing, and it played the same hymn. That time it made her think of me. While she was standing on the kerb watching the Band going by, someone took her arm, and a gentle voice said: "Your mother knows that hymn!"

"All she could do was to nod her head and weep. My girl was found at last! Your people kept her for six months after that, for city life had been cruel to my child; but now she is back in this town, and is only really happy when she is by my side! Your Officer knows I tell my story to all who will listen, and I never miss the collection!"

In all parts of the world where The Army's Tri-color Flag flies stories may be told of the way in which, by the grace of God, the search goes forward for those who, dazzled by the city's lights, enslaved by its lure, have been set free and restored to purity and the life of the home-folks. And the Throne of Grace is daily beset by the grateful praises of those who have been lifted up out of the depths of the midnight streets.—WARWICK L. WALL.

## Laughing Along Chong

(Continued from page 3)

serves him well and Wong, though ever so unhappy, looked entirely at his ease passing 'neath one street lamp after the other.

Suddenly, without warning, he stepped into a shaft of brilliant radiance which swept across the dark pavement like a golden sword-cut. Someone had opened the door of a tiny building, and with the light there surged out into the night the sound of rhythmical music. Wong halted in his tracks. There was warmth in that broadening swathe of gold; there was invitation in the thrill of the music. Wong drew near the open door. A peep within revealed people of his own country seated in rows; there were a few empty places close at hand. Wong slid into a seat near the door. Here was rest, even comfort. It also appeared to be safe. He relaxed for the first time since he set foot ashore. The room was decorated with colored paper chains.

Music was still going on and on. It was strange music to his Eastern ears; but it was not unpleasing. It emanated from a box before which a woman was sitting. By the way her body swayed from side to side it seemed to Wong that considerable pressure was necessary to squeeze the sounds from the box. Most of the people looked happy. Now and again they sang, and a woman, wearing a strange hat which covered the back of her head particularly, stood forward to speak. Presently a man of his own race, but wearing a military uniform and a broad smile, came towards him with outstretched hand of welcome.

Cautious yet, and not understanding the gesture, Wong held his hand before him; but more in the way of defence. The uniformed Chinese smiled, explained, took the hand of Wong and taught him to "shake." The sailor was on the verge of tears as he recognized the significance of this brotherly action. This was the first time, in his long and lonely travels, that anyone had betokened the least interest in his existence.

As they sat there chatting—a cup of tea was presently forthcoming—Wong learned from the Chinese Salvationist, himself a student in a London College, that this was the famous Chinese Corps in Limehouse, down in

London's Dockland. Here his fellow-countrymen were taught to read and to sign their name in a scholarly acquisition which immediately enhanced the value of a sailor, since he could sign his own shipping papers and was appraised accordingly.

That night—it was just before Christmas—Wong heard of Jesus for the first time in his life. What a wonderful Person He appeared to be as the student spoke of Him. It was for His sake that this building had been taken. In His name Chinese sailors were made welcome. By His power Chinese sailors were enabled to rejoice in freedom from the vices which enslaved men. What a wonderful revelation it was! Wong was only too glad to kneel and pray to the Unseen Master.

## Bearding the Lion in his Den

(Continued from page 21)

look out for her, and two wires to her aunt and to Headquarters in London, completed that part of the case. I had just time to buy a sheet of writing paper and an envelope and then to catch a train back to Antwerp. I wrote a few words in Dutch, not, by any means, all I felt I would like to write to Mr. Louis, who is not a Belgian, but a Jew, from Amsterdam, living in Antwerp. Into the envelope went the two keys and the twelve francs as requested by Miss F—, and I said nothing about The Army, nor where she had gone, nor whether he was to wait lunch for her.

"The man's name means 'the lion'!" And the girl was snatched out of the lion's den and from the lion's claws. I went up to the 'den' with my little surprise packet, slipped it into the letter-box, and rang the bell, so that he might have it at the very first opportunity. I walked for about fifty yards up the street, and then retraced my steps out of curiosity to see whether any one came to the door—looking for Miss F—to come to feed the cats, perhaps. But nobody was on the look-out!

"Just as I was passing the house, on the other side of the street, who should come round the corner but

How did it come about that some sudden lightness of spirit seized on Wong? Least of all could the Chinese fireman tell any inquirer; it was enough for him, however, to know it. When he knelt he was glum almost to tears; when he arose his face was crackling into unaccustomed creases. There was a sparkle in his eyes which had never been there before.

For a while thereafter he kept coming and going, returning after each trip to renew his relations as a Soldier of the Corps at Limehouse. Then he secured a shore job in New York and received his transfer in due course. But what a different Wong from the doleful specimen of humanity who first came under The Army influence that night just before Christmas. You will need to travel far and long before you will meet a broader and more genuine smile than that of Brother Wong Chong. When his hearty and indulgent laugh is heard nowadays, it is cause for deep

and profound reflection. Almost it seems that he is more proud of his ability to laugh than he is of his more serious accomplishments. At times he laughs with such vehemence that he is positively amazed at himself; he wonders, when he pauses to think, what has become of the Oriental decorum which he has put aside as he might an ancient cloak. At such times he entertains a roughish conviction that he has put one over on the highly-respectable, if rather tight-fitting, traditions of his race.

"My people," he will say, "do not know, as a rule, what it is to laugh out aloud. They don't know what a joy it is to express the feelings so. The Salvation Army has given me that joy. Do you know how it is, when you have been wearing a very tight garment, and suddenly you realize that there is no reason why it should be buttoned so tightly? Then you undo it. That is how I feel—released. I am a free man."

"Oh, it is a good thing to see humor in life; to laugh right out loud at it! I have a lot to learn about laughing. I still laugh out of tune, or in the wrong key—whichever is the way to say that. I can tell I am wrong by the way the people look at me sometimes. But at least I laugh at the right time—in the right place. The great thing is that I can laugh. The technique I shall get in time."

"You cannot conceive what a sad figure I must have cut. I used to be so very solemn. All my people were like that. Sometimes they are amused at some happening or word; then they smile, a fleeting movement of the face, and, at worst, a little hissing of a quick breath or two with one shake of the shoulder, and then they are solemn again. When they are naughty they grin. But they are wonderful people. How much more wonderful they will be when they have more freedom of soul and spirit! The old traditions are very honorable, to be sure, but why should we be so solemn about them?"

"The Salvation Army, in Limehouse and in New York, has done for me what The Army missionaries are doing for my people away off there at home—giving a religion that makes a man happy, free, joyous! When I think of my silly, sad days, and what a face I must have shown to the world, I am obliged to roar with laughing." And he burst into a veritable bellow which, even to remember it, causes the writer to explode in turn!—U. R. DE ROTI.

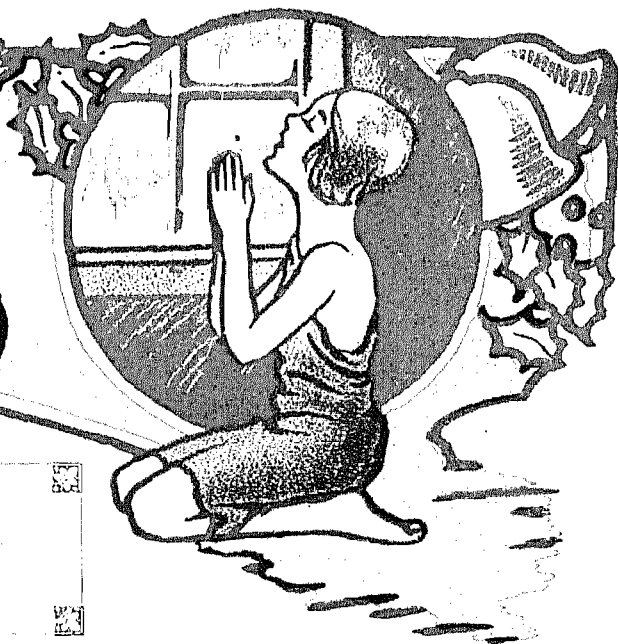
Louis himself, and I, wishing him a silent good-bye, went on to the station to catch my train back to Brussels, where I had to get to work to catch up for the arrears caused by my half-a-day's outing! To sum up: In less than 24 hours after your letter came to my hands, the girl had landed in Dover.

"I can't help thinking that this, my half-a-day's outing, is only just one link in the chain of events in this poor girl's life. She told me a little about the past and I spoke for my Master. The one end of the chain, the past, is sad enough. God grant that your side will help to make the chain link up with Christmas sunshine, and goodness and Heaven for herself and for others on whom this story may have some blessed influence."

"Another word about the beast of the story. He is a married man, not divorced, but separated from his first wife. He lives in furnished rooms in Antwerp, and in the same apartments he has another woman, and this, at the same time that he had the English girl. That other woman goes out every day to business."

"And now, the story-writing having taken almost as much time as the story acting, I'll pull up!"

# Struggling in the Slums



Where Filth Taints Body and Soul the Brave Salvation  
Women fight day and night—and win

**"TIMES IS ALTERED?"**  
The old lady, sitting in her wreck of an arm-chair in the corner of the room which did duty for bedroom, kitchen and all else, nodded her head.

"Aye, as different as can be, since you was a girl, I reckon!" responded her married daughter from her bed in the opposite corner.

"So I should think. 'Ere it is Christmas, an' you're laid up and them two gels just comes in and takes charge of all of us. First thing in the mornin' 'ere they are, larst thing, too. One cleans up w'ile the other gets the children off to school and then puts the dinner on. And the bit of washin' is done with the rest. I declare I never did see the likes of it in all me born days. An' now there's a bit extry to show as 'ow it's the time o' year, an' a toy for young Teddy."

"Ow they does it beats me. Keeps arf a dozen 'omes goin' at the same time, and then, in the evenin's, and on Sun-d'ys, makes a church of their place for grown-ups, and 'as a Bible school for the youngsters. Religion's not in my line; I always 'ad too much work to do to find time for that sort of thing; but this yer Harny is good for little 'uns; let 'em go to the Bible school, 'Annah; let 'em go reg'lar, mind."

"Funny thing 'ow they sees you through every thin', ain't it? Even got a nurse comin' when it's time. Fair beats me. 'Tain't natural for mortal gels to work for poor people that way, and no pay at the end of it!"

"Yet it's for good, mother, all this difference; and it's for love that they do it—the love of God!"

There's the secret of The Army's Slum Work in an English city—as, indeed, of all else that is done under the Flag which waves in eighty different countries—the love of God. And it needs must be from such an all-compelling source that inspiration is drawn, when delicately-nurtured women are enabled to spend a happy and useful existence in that noisome pestilence which is the atmosphere of the slum; the slum where people are housed like swine, where the pigsty enters into their souls; where character is moulded on the pigsty pattern.

As a remedy for large families it is excellent, the children die with awful regularity. Put out your hand as you stumble in the darkness through a mouldering hallway, and the blistered paint has something of the feel of the skin of the drunkard. Switch on a flash-lamp

and see how he wallpaper, once yellow and varnished, now bulges and bellies away from the plaster. Note the patches of mould near to the ceiling where some wretched tenant has tried to re-hang the paper with home-made paste. And then know this—the awful actions of the people, from their childhood's days upwards, are often worse than the setting would suggest could be possible. Such is the hideous reaction to the appalling environment.

Now visualise The Army lass at work here — keeping sweet herself and making her home an oasis of purity in the midst of the horror which swells like a hellish flood about it. Everywhere she goes she is as light amidst darkness, as sanity in Bedlam, as hope in despair, as life in cruel death. She more really points to Heaven than a million church spires, for her hands open the door of the prison house of depravity, her vigorous faith in human possibilities effectively ousts the inertia of decadence, and sets men and women fighting for a worthy place in the scheme of life. And if they stumble, if they fall, it is upon her untiring belief for them that they lean while they get their breath, so to speak, requiring courage to try again.

She is tender mother and strong father, big brother and loyal sister to them all, and they turn to her in

perfect confidence when faced by a thousand and one difficulties — and she never fails them!

Let the need be for something more substantial than counsel or sympathy, or the aid that two willing hands can give, then how does the Slum Officer proceed? Well, take this case, it comes from Liverpool. The letter is written by a Slum Officer to Headquarters.

"Could you possibly let me have some old clothes?" she writes. "In a home, where two of the children have already died, there is a wee lassie of seven years who cannot go out because she has neither boots nor clothes—she has only a piece of old stuff to wrap around her little body. The boy is ill with pneumonia. When I entered the room they were breaking up a chair to put on the fire, trying to keep the room warm. They had no coals."

The answer was forthcoming within record time, and clothing, firing and more were supplied.

They call our Officers Slum Angels as they minister amidst such scenes. Angels, indeed!

Do they love brawls, indecency, drunkenness, filth, and the unnameable horrors of the slums? Of course not! Then how do they stay in the midst of it, and in such close contact?

The woman in the bed in the corner of that slum room had the answer. "It's for love that they do it—for the love of God!"—J. I. M.

Breaking  
up a  
chair  
for  
fuel





